THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

tablished Aug. 6, 1821. HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1866. Price $2.00 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 5 Cents. Whole Number Issued, 9333.

"DON'T WAKEN ME!"

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY H. S. COREY.

"Cradled at last in a blissful dream,
My soul is rocked on the waves of life.
White sails of hope in the sunlight gleam;
No warring winds o'er the waters scream.
So hushed to rest, in the shining stream
I drop old fetters of doubt and strife.
From this sweet slumber, anguish-free,
Don't waken me!

"Earth wears the glow of a golden light;
Birds flit and sing on the Summer shore.
Like birds, my thoughts on pinions bright,
Flit ever around this new delight,
And soar and sing in the sails of white,
And deepen rest with the songs they pour.
From this sweet slumber, anguish-free,
Don't waken me!"

So, darling, cradled upon thine arm,
I dreamed and sung in the olden years;
Nor guessed that the waters' peaceful charms,
And the singing birds, and the sunshine warm,
Should be drowned at last in a blinding storm,
And the white sails drenched in the tempest's tears,
While madly the old love clung to thee,
"Don't waken me!"

It was the old, weak, woman's cry,
When the soul is torn from its anchored trust.
We reck not then that the winds will die,
And blue breaks show in the cloudy sky,
And the sunlight fall where the storm sweeps by,
And new loves sing o'er the old love's dust.
Till memory's only sigh shall be
"Don't waken me!"

New loves will sing, but ah! nevermore
Shall love be anchored on trust like this.
And never along so bright a shore,
Shall drift the soul in its dreamings more.
Ah, friend, for that cradled rest of yore!
To turn again to this dream of bliss,
And say with the old sweet faith in thee,
"Don't waken me!"

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILL," "REFUGEES," "BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER X.

NIGHT WANDERING.

"Oh, Heaven! what is that?" whispered the terrified Isaline, convulsively clutching the arm of Henry.

"It is the same sound I have heard before," he answered, with an involuntary shudder—"the Phantom—the Demon—the dread Unknown of the forest—God only knows what!"

"Oh, what will become of us?"

"Courage, dear Isaline—courage!" rejoined Henry. "If it is from the other world, as the superstitious scouts believe, it will not harm us; and if it belongs to this world, we have less to fear from it than from the savage men we have eluded. Wherever we are, dear lady, we are in the hands of an ever-watching and all-seeing God; and let us put our faith and trust in Him who has so far mercifully preserved us through the most fearful perils!"

"Yes," said Isaline, resignedly, "we will put our trust in Him who alone is able to deliver us! I thank you for the consoling words! It is strange," she continued, after a momentary reflection, "that the prophecy of Rough Tom should have had such a singular fulfillment! You remember how he declared, in the most positive manner, that disaster would befall every one so unfortunate as to even hear this mysterious Unknown; and how true the prediction has been in our case, our situation here tells."

"To my mind," returned Henry, "there is no connection between the prediction and the facts. It is an easy matter to declare that misfortune will come upon all who venture upon a long journey through a perilous wilderness, for the chances are that the prophecy will in some degree be verified; but beyond that I have no faith in idle signs and omens. What has happened to us, would have happened had there been no mysterious Unknown abroad, and we shall neither be the better nor the worse for what we have heard to-night. What I do fear, are the living, savage men who have so closely followed us, and I pray God we may be able to put leagues between us and them before the light of another day. Come! let us move on again, cautiously but bravely, and leave the rest in the hands of Him who notes the fall of a sparrow."

Slowly, cautiously, and almost noiselessly, Henry again parted the bushes and moved through them, holding one little trembling hand of Isaline in his—leading her forward through the darkness, with the fond hope that he might ever so continue to lead her through the journey of life.

Having at last cleared the thicket, without anything further to alarm them, they ascended, with great caution, a steep, rocky ridge, with a few bushes growing here and there, and occasionally a small tree, which evidently had not felt the force of the tornado, and which led Henry to believe they had now got clear of the track of devastation.

On reaching the top of this ridge, they paused, under the deep shadow of an oak, to look about them and arrange the course to be taken as most likely to carry them back to their companions.

They were wet, chilled, hungry, and not a little fatigued; but they regarded these things as mere trifles in comparison with their almost wonderful deliverance from the dangers which had so closely beset them, and their hearts were too full of gratitude for the mercies received to have a repining thought for the misfortunes which had been pressed upon them. The storm had all passed and gone, the heavens were now clear and serene, and myriads of stars were shining out brightly from their far-off regions in space. They looked around them, in the dim light, but there was little they could see, and nothing that was cheering. The scene was still and gloomy, and the shadows of night lay too deep on the earth to permit them to trace more than a faint outline of the nearest woods and hills. To the northward the hill they were on rose still higher and obstructed a view of the country in that direction; but as the distance was short to the summit of this elevation, Henry proposed they should go to the top and take a full survey of the landscape, saying it was possible they might discover the camp-fire of their enemies, which, under the circumstances, was a matter of great importance, as it would enable them to shape their course so as to avoid an accidental contact. They went up the acclivity accordingly, and almost the first thing they saw was the light of a fire in the valley to the eastward.

"There they are," he whispered; "and if only you were in a place of safety, and my friend Tom and a few of his brave companions were with me, nothing would suit me better than to go down and take them by surprise."

"Let us go!" returned Isaline, nervously; "let us get as far from them as possible while we are favored by the darkness!"

"Yes," rejoined Henry, "let us go at once. I think I know my course now, and, with God's help, we will leave a vicinity where our perils have been so great."

"And do you think it possible for us to find our way back to our companions to-night?" anxiously inquired Isaline. "How can you tell in the darkness what course to take?"

"I have thought of that," said Henry; "and as we cannot now be far from the Licking river, it will perhaps be best to go on till we come to that, and then it will be an easy matter to keep along its right bank to the Blue Lick ford, where our companions, if they have met with no disaster, are probably now encamped."

"Oh, what if they have been assailed by the savages?" shuddered Isaline.

"I have little fear of that," replied Henry; "for unless abroad in greater force than I think, they would hardly venture against so many deadly rifles. They are probably a small party, who have crossed the Ohio with the view of attacking and plundering such isolated settlers as they may chance upon; and it may be they are the same who attempted to decoy us ashore, and who have since crossed and leisurely followed the train, in the hope of cutting off a few stragglers. We will leave them now, however, I trust forever."

Henry and Isaline now set forward together, to make their way, as best they could in the darkness, to the Licking river. It was a dreary journey they had before them—for the night, which concealed their trail from their enemies, also hid from their view their own best course, so that they depended as much upon chance or Providence in going right as upon reason and calculation. It was literally a plunge in the dark—up hill and down—through woods of trees, and thickets of bushes and cane—now around a marsh and now across a stream—till poor Isaline was almost ready to faint from exhaustion and fatigue.

At last they came to a steeper and higher hill than any they had before ascended, and Henry said:

"From the best calculation I have been able to make, dear Isaline, we are now but a little way from the Licking river—for I feel almost certain it flows through the valley on the other side of this acclivity."

"And how far do you suppose we are from the ford?" she inquired, in a feeble and dejected tone.

"I hardly dare guess," he replied, in a manner that expressed much uneasiness and anxiety; "but I fear it is much too far for you to walk there to-night; for we have been much longer in getting here than I expected, and I know you must be nearly worn out. Oh, it is terrible to think how you are suffering! and that I have no shelter, food and fire to offer you! no place where you can rest and be refreshed!"

"I must confess I do feel the worse for my journey," returned Isaline, "perhaps because I have never been accustomed to such physical exertions; but I will try to go on, hoping and praying the Lord will give me strength enough to accomplish my deliverance!"

"It is absolutely necessary for you to have rest," said Henry, "or you will be overdone; but the night air is cool, and to sit down in your wet garments I am afraid will do you great injury. If you were to fall sick here———But God forbid! I dare not think of it! Let me see! Something must be done! Fortunately I have my flint, steel and tinder-box with me, and can soon start a fire. If I only had my rifle also, I should be comparatively happy, for then I should feel almost certain of taking you through in safety—if not to our companions, at least to the nearest station. But do not despair, dear Isaline—do not despair! Once on the other side of the Licking, we shall not have to go far, I think, to discover some settler; and if we find the way to the ford too long, we will cross the stream and take our chances over there."

"Is that side of the Licking more settled than this?"

"Yes, a great deal more, for as yet but few have ventured to build their cabins on this side of the stream."

"But how shall we cross the river, Henry?"

"If you are not afraid, I will swim over with you—or we will find some old logs and lash them together."

"And should we be safer on the other side?"

"I think so."

"Oh that we were there now then!"

"Will you venture to let me swim across with you?"

"If you think the risk of life is not too great!"

"If you will follow my directions in every particular, and not become alarmed, dear Isaline, I am certain I can carry you safely over."

"Would you cross to-night?"

"I would rather have daylight for it."

"But we have not yet come to the river."

"True! and before we swim it, it may be as well to find it," said Henry, with a light laugh—not because he felt in a light or merry mood, but that he might seem so to his companion, in order to raise her spirits.

They toiled up the hill slowly, and, on reaching the summit, looked down upon what might have been a bottomless pit—for so thick were the trees and bushes, and so deep the valley, that it was covered with a pall of darkness impenetrable to the eye.

"Oh, I can never venture down there!" shuddered Isaline.

"It is the valley of the Licking, I am almost certain!" said Henry.

"Say rather the Valley of the Shadow of Death!"

"No, dear Isaline, we have just passed through that to get here. Come! do not be discouraged or alarmed! for so far all has gone better than we could have hoped."

"Yes, and God knows how thankful I am to Him for all his mercies, in so wonderfully preserving us through that awful tempest and delivering us from almost certain captivity if not death!"

"If I am not mistaken in the character of the country," said Henry, "we shall, by keeping along on this ridge of hills, soon come to a ledge of rocks, where we can find some secure retreat—some little cove, perhaps, in which we can kindle a fire and get some rest. If we do find such a place, dear Isaline, would it not be well for you to take a short sleep, and let me stand guard? and even were you to sleep all night, and renew the journey at daylight, would it not be better than to go on as we have done in this dark uncertainty?"

"I will be advised by you, Henry," she answered. "I confess I do feel the need of rest, and will take it if you think it can be done with safety."

"Undoubtedly it can, Isaline—for we are at least some miles from our savage enemies by this time, and they cannot possibly find our trail till daylight, if at all; and the chances are, that, having failed to overtake us before dark, they will not attempt to renew the pursuit."

"But you need sleep as well as myself, Henry!"

"And I can get what I need, and guard our camp also," he replied, "for I have been so long used to this wild, watchful life, that I can sleep sitting, or even standing, and the least sound will wake me."

"Oh, what will our friends think of our long absence?" said Isaline: "my poor servants will nearly go demented!"

"There will be the greater joy then when we return."

"If we ever do!" sighed Isaline.

"Nay, you must not think that, but look hopefully to that future which I trust has many bright days in store for both of us."

"Who could have predicted this morning that we should be wandering here in this wild, gloomy place to-night, in this sad condition! Truly we know not what a day or an hour may bring forth!"

"Truly we do not indeed!" responded Henry. "And it is even so in the moral journey of life. If we turn aside never so little from the straight path of rectitude, we cannot foretell the amount of pain and suffering that will ensue."

Thus they continued to converse as they slowly picked their way forward along the summit of the hills, around the imbedded rocks, through the bushes, and under the trees that had stretched up their tall trunks and cast their deep shadows over the ground for centuries.

Suddenly the deep stillness was broken by a long, plaintive howl from the dark valley below, which was answered by another far in the distance. Isaline trembled with fear, and almost convulsively clutched her companion.

"Be not alarmed, dear one!" said Henry; "it is only a wolf or two, and they will not venture to attack so formidable a creature as man at this season of the year."

"I know I am a little coward," returned Isaline, "and I fear you will lose whatever good opinion you may have formed of me."

"Nay, dear lady, if you will believe me, I think you a remarkable heroine—for the very fewest number of your sex, with as little experience of this wild life of danger as you have had, would have borne up as bravely; and as to my losing my good opinion of you—ah, Isaline, if I dared express my feelings, you would have little cause to repeat the observation!"

To this Isaline did not reply, and the two moved on for some distance in silence.

Suddenly again they were both startled by a savage growl, coming up from the thick darkness, a few feet below them to the right.

"Oh, Father in Heaven!" gasped Isaline, again clutching her companion.

"This is more serious!" he said, throwing his left arm around her and drawing his knife with his right hand. "It is a bear—perhaps with cubs—and we must give the beast a wide berth. Here! this way, as quick as you can, and with as little noise as possible!"

Both hurried off to the left, and the animal did not follow them. These sudden alarms, in connection with what had gone before, made Isaline so weak and nervous that she would have been unable to proceed but for the support of her companion.

Soon after this they reached a point where the trees were more dwarfed, the bushes somewhat thinner, and the soil more rocky; and a few hundred yards further on they came to a ledge, similar to what Henry had pictured in his mind.

"Here," he said, "I feel almost certain we shall find a place where we can pass the night in safety."

The rocks were of all sizes and shapes, and our two friends began to move in among them with greater caution, Henry making the best exploration he could in the darkness for some cave-like opening, or cave itself, where his fair companion could be both sheltered and concealed. While they were thus occupied and conversing with each other, both were once more fearfully startled, this time by a human voice, which came up in a deep, guttural tone from the black pit below, gruffly articulating the words:

"Who you?"

"Oh, merciful Heaven! we are captured at last!" groaned Isaline, ready to sink with dismay—for both she and Henry believed it was the voice of a savage that had addressed them.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WHITE INDIAN.

With his knife still in his hand, and one arm supporting Isaline, for a few moments Henry stood irresolute, undecided whether to yield himself a peaceable prisoner or defend himself till overpowered or cut down, or attempt another escape in the darkness. Though he could see nothing of the owner of the voice, he doubted not that both himself and companion had been seen by the speaker, and it might be that a deadly rifle was at that very instant bearing upon them. This vague conjecture was the next moment rendered almost a certainty to his mind by the guttural words of the unknown:

"Speak who? me shoot!"

"We are two quiet persons, who have lost our way in the forest," answered Henry, now fully decided to surrender without resistance.

"Throw gun, tomahawk, knife—me come!" returned the voice from below, the speaker still remaining invisible.

"Unfortunately I have neither gun nor tomahawk, and my knife is at your service, if you insist upon having it."

"No un'stand much speak!" rejoined the invisible unknown.

Henry reasserted, in the most simple language he could frame, that his only weapon was a knife, which he would yield up to his, the stranger's, demand.

"T'other one?"

"She is a squaw, and has nothing to fight with."

"Stand, me come—run, me shoot!" said the unknown.

"We will wait for you," returned Henry; and added, in a lower tone: "Because there seems to be no alternative."

There was a noise as of some one cautiously moving up from the black pit, but it was more than a minute before even so much as the shadow of a figure became visible to the strained eyes of Henry and Isaline. First a head dimly appeared, slowly emerging out of the black gloom, and then a body gradually followed; but whether or not the dread form advancing upon them was that of a fierce savage in his war-paint, they could not tell. This shadowy figure continued to approach, slowly and cautiously; and when quite near, Henry perceived that a rifle was held before it in such a position that it could be discharged at any object in an instant.

"Don't shoot!" said Henry; "we yield ourselves prisoners at once."

"Throw fight down!" said the same gruff voice.

Henry understood this to mean that he must throw down his weapons; and casting his knife on the ground, under the belief that it could avail him nothing against the rifle of the unknown, he held up both hands, with the open palms outward. A word to Isaline caused her to do the same.

The strange unknown now came close up to both and peered into their faces. It was light enough to disclose the general outline of the lineaments at a distance of six or eight inches, and Henry was surprised to see, instead of the bald head, ornamented scalp-lock, and hideously painted face of a savage, the thickly matted hair and beard of a white man. The head was covered with a sort of cap, made from the skin of some wild beast, and the garment inclosing the body, without sleeves, leaving the arms bare, was likewise of the same material.

"You are not an Indian?" said Henry, inquiringly.

"Oogh! me no Injun—me white!" was the reply.

"Thank God for that! I was afraid we had fallen into the hands of a savage!" cried Henry, with an internal relief that his words only faintly expressed.

"Me white!" repeated the other, in a tone of satisfaction; "me Injun long time!"

"Ah, I understand! You were born white, but have spent most of your life with the Indians, which accounts for your speech being so much like theirs?"

"Oogh! me white—long time Injun—no un'stand much speak Englee!" returned the other, picking up and examining the knife which Henry had thrown down.

"Do you live with the Indians now?" inquired Henry.

"Me live alone."

"Where?"

The stranger pointed down the hill.

"Have you a cabin there?"

"Oogh! wigwam!"

"You will not hurt us?"

"Methoto* no hurt."

"Is your Indian name Methoto?"

"Oogh! Methoto me!" he replied, tapping his breast. "Buffalo you call um."

"You will give us something to eat, Methoto?"

"Who you?"

"We were travelling through the country, when the storm overtook us, our horses ran off, and we have lost our way."

"Oogh! big storm!"

"Yes, terrible!"

"Want eat?" asked the white Indian, pointing to his mouth and addressing Isaline.

"Oh, yes, if you will be so kind!" she answered.

"Come!" he said, and at once began to move down the hill.

Both Henry and Isaline followed, winding down among the rocks and through the bushes for several minutes, till at last the stranger opened the door into some kind of a hovel, and in his gruff way bade them enter. There was a sort of rude chimney and fire-place on one side of the habitation, with a few smouldering embers on the hearth, and by the dim light of these our unfortunate friends could see that the dwelling was small, probably only contained one room, and furnished with only a kettle or two, a slab bench, and a pallet of skins.

A large piece of fresh venison was depending from the antlers of a stag in one corner; and this Methoto immediately took down and laid on the bench before his guests, at the same time returning Henry his knife and making signs that he was to cut off what he needed for himself and companion. He then set about kindling a fire; and Henry, with a feeling of cheerfulness he had not experienced for many a long hour, said to Isaline:

"Our seemingly worst disasters are, by the goodness of Providence, turned into blessings!"

"For which I am more thankful than I can express!" she replied, with tearful eyes.

The fire was soon started, and by its cheerful blaze the weary guests for the first time had a fair view of the appearance of their strange host. As before remarked, he was dressed altogether in skins, with the hairy side out, and looked almost as much like a beast as a human being. A skin, rudely sewed together at the back, with two arm-holes through it, covered his body, and was belted around his waist, and reached down nearly to his knees, where it was met by leggins of the same kind; but his arms were bare, and, from long exposure to the weather, had become of a dirty tan-color. He had put aside his rifle and powder horn; but in his belt, ready to his hand, were a tomahawk and hunting knife. About the face, with the exception of his uncombed and thickly matted hair and beard, he was not particularly ill-looking, though evidently with a nature somewhat brutalized by the life he had lived. His eyes were of a cold, grayish hue, and set wide apart, with heavy, shaggy brows meeting over a short, flat nose. His mouth—a feature in which so much of character is usually denoted—was so completely covered and concealed by his long,

*Shawanoese for Buffalo.

brown beard, that its shape could not be seen; but the peculiar stare of the eyes, and general immobility of the whole countenance, indicated a dull, sluggish, phlegmatic temperament. Without being instinctively wicked or cruel, you could see he was a man to be feared whenever his worst passions should be aroused. In stature he was short, but his frame was heavily built, and he evidently possessed great strength. He appeared to be of German extraction and quite young, or at least under five-and-twenty years of age.

It was not easy to converse with this strange being, owing to his limited use and understanding of the English tongue; but Henry managed, by a series of simple questions, to ascertain that he did not know his own name, parentage, or place of nativity—that he had been captured by the Indians when a mere child, if not an infant, and been adopted and brought up by his captor, who was the only father of whom he had any knowledge.

A year or two before the date of our story, he and his Indian father and two Indian brothers, had crossed the Ohio and entered Kentucky, with the view of getting a few white scalps, stealing some horses, and carrying off what plunder they could. One night they had come upon a solitary cabin, occupied by three women, (apparently mother and daughters,) and a blind negro boy. Admittance having been refused them, they had cut away the door and murdered three of the parties—one of the girls making her escape by leaping through a back window and running into the forest. He made Henry understand that the girl they had killed was in his eyes very handsome, and that he had felt so badly about what had been done, that he had at once resolved to leave the Indians and return to his own race. He had soon found an opportunity. After they had plundered the house of such things as they could carry with them, and had fired it, they had started on to hunt up new victims; but when they had got well into the forest again, he had given the others the slip, and had made his way to a neighboring station, where, in the best manner he could, he had disclosed the startling facts. A number of the garrison had at once set off in pursuit of the savages, taking him along as guide. He had gone unwillingly, for the idea of seeing his friends destroyed, (and, whatever their deeds, they had ever been friends to him,) had been a terrible one; but he had been told that a refusal to comply with their commands would subject him to instant death. The result of the whole affair was, that the Indians had been followed, found and slain; and that, after their death, he had himself narrowly escaped being hung by the infuriated whites. Not wishing to return to the Indians, and finding nothing congenial among those of his own race, he had wandered about in the depths of the forest for a time, and had finally fixed his abode in the solitary place where he now was, and where his hovel had been built by himself without assistance from any one. In fact he was almost certain it had never been seen before by other eyes, for our friends were the first guests that had ever entered it.

He now lived a wild, solitary life, his time being chiefly employed in hunting, fishing, and raising a small patch of corn on an opening about a mile from his dwelling. His shanty was cleverly concealed among rocks and bushes on the bank of the Licking. He owned a canoe, which he had fashioned himself, after the manner of the Indians, from the bark of a tree and the skin of a deer, and this was so light that he could put it on his shoulder and carry it a mile without stopping to rest. He held no communication with his fellow-beings except when compelled by necessity to visit some station for the purpose of exchanging his skins for powder, lead, fish-hooks, and such things as he could not do without, and then he only stayed barely long enough to transact his business, and was always glad to get safely back to his hermit-like home.

Such in brief was the story and life of this strange being, which Henry drew from him, little by little, while occupied in preparing something for his fair companion and himself to eat.

The fire itself was a very cheerful thing to see and feel after such a gloomy drenching; and as Isaline sat on the bench drawn up before it, and warmed herself and dried her wet garments, she thought she could not be too thankful to that kind Providence which had not only preserved her through the most fearful perils, but had led her steps to a place of such comparative comfort.

Henry toasted several slices of the venison, and the host brought forward a horn-cup filled with salt, and a hard cake, made of pounded corn mixed with water and baked in the ashes. The world has unquestionably produced many a better meal than our friends feasted on that night, but it would have been a difficult matter to have made them believe so then, and it is probable that they never in their lives ate anything with a sharper appetite and a keener relish.

"There," said Isaline, when she had finished her supper and washed down the last morsel with a cup of cold, spring-water, which the strange host brought expressly for his guests, "I feel like a new being, and more thankful for all God's mercies and goodness than I can find words to express. But while I thank Him, let me not forget our kind entertainer, who, whatever his past deeds and sins, is at least deserving of my poor gratitude for what he has done for us to-night!"

The latter had thrown himself down, in Turkish fashion, near one corner of the fireplace, and, with his back partly turned towards his guests, appeared for the time to be wholly absorbed in looking at the bright coals. Isaline went up and touched him on the shoulder. Perhaps his revery, whatever it was, had carried him into some dreadful peril—for no sooner did her hand rest upon him, than, with a bound, that drew from her a startled cry, he came full upon his feet, and faced round, like a tiger at bay, with his tomahawk gleaming above his head, ready to fall with a fatal stroke. Quick as lightning Henry sprung forward to snatch Isaline from the impending blow, and at the same instant the white Indian discovered his mistake and cast his weapon from him, with an exclamation that showed he condemned his own foolish act.

"Me 'fraid white man catch Methoto for hang!" he said, by way of explanation. "Ooghl me fool! No hurt squaw!"

Reassured by his words and manner, Isaline, though still somewhat nervous from her sudden fright, again approached him, but more timidly, and, holding out her hand, said:

"I want to thank you, Methoto, for all your kindness to us!"

The white savage took the proffered hand in one of his, and then she regretted she had so particularly called his attention to herself, for he fixed his cold, gray eyes upon her, with a look that expressed more admiration than she wished to excite.

"Squaw much handsome—big heap!" he said.

He stared at her, with a look that made her afraid; and when she would have withdrawn her hand and shrunk away, he would not let her go.

"Squaw like Methoto?" he asked.

"You have been very kind to us, and I wanted to thank you, that is all!" she answered, changing color.

"Oogh! good wigwam!" he said, moving his other arm majestically, and casting his eyes around him, as if to show that in that single word he comprehended his entire possessions. "Me like squaw keep wigwam, big heap!"

This was certainly a rather sudden and novel mode of courtship, and, under different circumstances, might have amused both Isaline and Henry; but now it only excited a feeling of annoyance, allied to fear—for there was no telling to what extremes such a strange being might be carried by his whims and passions. Isaline, frightened and embarrassed, glanced appealingly at Henry, who said, very quietly, but firmly:

"Squaw girl is too young to be Methoto's wife now."

Instantly the cold, gray eyes of the host were turned and fastened searchingly upon him.

"Oogh! guess white brave want squaw girl wife himself?" he said.

"She is going home to her father," returned Henry, in the same quiet tone, "and will not be anybody's wife at present."

Methoto looked at him steadily for some moments, then turned and stared at Isaline till her eyes fell, and then he let go of her hand and drew a deep sigh.

Now really afraid of him, Isaline drew as far back as she could and out of the light of the fire. Methoto followed her with his eyes, as one might mechanically do while thinking of something else, and then turned and fixed his gaze upon the bright coals as before.

"After all, I would rather be in the forest than here!" Isaline now whispered to Henry.

"I do not think you have anything more to fear," he answered. "It was probably a whim that came upon him at the moment and is already forgotten. Act as though nothing had happened and leave me to manage him. I want you to remain here and get what sleep you can, so that you can start refreshed at the first streak of day. I will keep watch over you, dear lady; and believe me, with so precious a charge in my care, I will not neglect my duty!"

"No, my dear friend, I know you would not," replied Isaline; "I had no fear of that; but if this whim, as you call it, should return to him again, there is no knowing but that he might murder you to get entire possession of me!"

"Do not be alarmed, dear Isaline!" smiled Henry. "I am not one to be easily put out of the way. If the worst should come to the worst, we are simply man to man, and the scouts would tell you I am not an adversary to be despised."

"But he is so much stronger than you!"

"The battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift, dear lady!"

"But he is well armed!"

"I at least have my knife, with the chances of getting hold of his rifle if I should need it. No, no, dear Isaline, give over your fears, I beg of you, and sleep as safely here as if under the roof of your honored father."

"Oh, my dear father! would to Heaven I were under his roof this night indeed!" she sighed. "But I will do as you think best, Henry—I will put my whole trust in you."

"Thank you, dear Isaline! and may Heaven so guide me aright that you may always feel you can safely put your trust in me! Now then say nothing, but let me arrange everything with our strange host."

He turned to the figure before the fire, which now had the motionless attitude of a statue, and in a low tone spoke the name of Methoto. He had to repeat it twice, and the last time quite loudly, ere the strange being seemed to hear him. Then he looked around, but in a rather stolid manner.

"The squaw girl is very tired and would like a place to sleep for the night," said Henry, pointing to Isaline, and accompanying his words with such signs as made their meaning perfectly clear.

"Oogh!" grunted the white Indian.

He then went to the corner where his own couch of skins was spread, and, selecting three of the best, one of bear and two of deer, returned and laid them carefully down before the fire, with the remark:

"Much wet—fire heap good!"

He then went out and brought in some more wood, with which he started the blaze afresh; after which he barred his door, (there appeared to be no windows,) handed Henry a couple of skins for his own use, and, with merely a grunt for a good night, threw himself down on his own rude bed, and seemed immediately to fall asleep.

"There," said Henry to Isaline, in a low tone, "you see our host sets us an example of confidence, by putting himself completely in our power; and now that you have nothing to fear, I trust you will be able to get a refreshing sleep."

"But have we nothing to fear, Henry?" whispered Isaline, with a suspicious glance toward their apparently slumbering host. "Is this strange being really putting good faith in us and actually slumbering? or is this all feigned for some purpose?"

"Whether real or false," answered Henry, who had his own suspicions, "it will make no difference in my vigilance, dear Isaline; and as you have promised to put faith in and be guided by me, I must now insist upon your lying down and getting what rest you can!"

Isaline, without further demur, complied with his request; and with the bear-skin spread on the ground, and the two deer-skins for a pillow, she laid herself down before the fire, which, except for her still wet clothes, would have rendered the place uncomfortably warm for her without other covering, but which, under the circumstances, produced a very pleasurable sensation.

Not to seem to be on the watch, Henry also cast himself down between the host and herself, with his face turned toward the former, so that every movement could be seen, firmly resolved not to close his eyes for a single moment throughout the night. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Back numbers can be furnished from the beginning.

☞ SHE'S RIGHT.—Mrs. Partington says the only way to prevent steamboat explosions, is to make engineers bile the water on shore. In her opinion, all the bustin' is done by cooking the steam on board.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB'Y 3, 1866.

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Respectfully declined.—"The Answered Prayer." "Lily." "A Mistake." "Horace Evergreen." "Going to Sleep." "A Good Housewife." "Uncle Timothy."

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

By universal acknowledgment, Mr. Bennett is surpassing himself in this splendid story.

We hope our readers will take a little trouble for our sake, and call the attention of their friends to it—for it will not only please their friends, but help the subscription list of THE POST.

For remember that Mr. Bennett is engaged as a regular contributor to THE POST, and will write for no other paper.

"WHAT WILL PEOPLE SAY?"

What we think of ourselves is of far more importance actually than what others think of us.

However paradoxical this may appear, it may be proven by illustrations from daily life.

"As a man thinketh so is he." If one thinks he is a fool, he will pretty generally act out that character. If one thinks he is wise, he will at least try to act and speak like the wise, and the very trial repeated till it becomes a habit will go far towards making him so in reality.

We never know what we are till we have tried what we can be. If we have made all reasonable trials to be something, and at last find that we are little better than nothing, we may safely conclude that we are something after all, or we should not so painfully feel our deficiences. It is better to aim high, even if we fall far short of our highest mark, than not to aim at all. The eagle looks to the sun, none of us supposes that he will ever reach it. Still it is far better to imitate the eagle than the crow, who looks no higher than the top of some leafless tree.

"But it is so mortifying to fail," cries out some beardless fop, or daintily dressed school girl. "I could never look any one in the face again. I would do it if I only thought I should succeed." Bah! without being a prophet, or the son of a prophet, we could safely predict the future of that individual. It's no eagle, only a crow. Did you ever know of any creditable success that was not preceded by one or more failures of attempt? Conversing with an eminent occulist not long since, he made the remark that he "spoiled a whole hat full of eyes before he arrived at the point where he now stood."

Go ask any of your leading business men if their first schemes were always successful. Take Mr. Goodyear for example. What did he not suffer during all those years making futile attempts with India rubber? Just read of the French potter Palissy. Year after year studying his enamels, people said he was mad or imbecile. His wife upbraided him, and his children were beggared; the very floors of his house were burned to heat his crucibles; starved and beggared he felt that he could do it. Had he listened to what people say he would never have accomplished anything. He had but the one thought, the beautiful white enamel, and he found it. So you will win whatever is good and honorable, provided you seek it with the same earnestness.

Let no one underrate the slightest elevation above their first level which they may have accomplished, though it measure as far beneath their hopes as the sea upon the peak of Dwahalagiri. Have you not been blessed and increased since the beginning? If you have not the fault is your own; you have not tried to be anything, but have hidden your talent in the earth.

Every one upon starting in life should ask himself: For what am I best fitted by natural gifts? Here rests the keystone of the arch of our lives. Let each take the utmost care that this question is settled exactly in the right place. That existence be perfect and beautiful in its span and equipoise, rather than disproportionate and finally a failure.

Human nature is so consequential. There is perhaps no one sentiment more fatal than the idea that we are not appreciated by others. High souls, capable of acts of the most exalted character, in a moment of proud passion, resulting from a long continued impression of not being valued as their real merits deserved, have dashed their honor to the earth, and there ground it under their heel to atoms, till it could never be gathered again! This feeling made Benedict Arnold what he was, and what he would never have been, had he not cherished it. If he had patiently persevered in well doing, quietly waiting for the reward which real merit is sure to receive sooner or later, he might have won laurels of honor to the recognition of the world.

What matter if you are not appreciated in your present sphere? you may be more fortunate in your next location, or in some future period. We attach too much importance to trifles, when we discompose ourselves over present annoyances which battle with pride.

We should contemplate the arena of a higher sphere of action; look upward, and onward, till our souls expand beyond the insignificant elements of our contracted sphere of present action. Or if you fail of receiving proper appreciation, you should be careful to ascertain if you are not appreciating yourself too highly. If you correctly estimated yourself, you might find perhaps that you are more properly appreciated than you had thought hitherto. Others have claim to awards, successes, and distinctions, and in the becoming humility of a philosophical and Christian temper, you should aim to esteem others better than yourself.

Merit is not always recognized, while sin not unfrequently flourishes for a season.

Seven cities contended for the honor of the birth-place of Homer after his death, when in life through the same cities he begged his bread. The Prince of Light, the Ruler of the Universe, appeared among men in the humblest service, not having where to lay His head. If we cultivate humility we can endure all things, and finally overcome all. Humility dwells with noble minds. It is a flower that prospers not on poor and barren soil, but in ground that is rich and beautiful. The truly good and noble heart is characterized by a benignant kindness and a sweet, gentle grace, aspiring, true, but never showing indifference, or supercilious condescension to those whose position in life may not be so favorable.

How much do we admire those eminent persons who stoop from their high pinnacles of fame to extend a hand of cheer or aid toward the humble toiler up the rugged ascent! In all positions how admirable are deeds of humble love! A benediction from Heaven ever sheds about their pathway a clear and hallowed radiance. Beatitudes of immortality await them in the future.

What will people say if I do not do this or that, dress so and so, or go there? are leading questions with a great portion of humanity. Instead of saying what shall I think of myself if I do anything low, base, ignoble? conscious that the eye of God is upon me. Let us first form a common sense opinion of ourselves. What we are, what we can do and what we cannot do, and what in our position it is becoming in us to attempt, according to the highest dictates of our conscience, before we trouble ourselves about what the world will say or think of us.

Vast amounts of money, time, temper, and strength are wasted unnecessarily, by reason of this same nervous fear of the opinions of others. The greater proportion of the failures in the financial world are occasioned by this very insignificant consideration of others opinions of one's house, dress, equipage, etc.

There can be no limits affixed to the desolating damages resulting from this, when the question should have been: "How shall I regard myself if I run into this or that extravagance in order to do as 'Mrs. Grundy' does, and in so doing ruin my husband by plunging him into debt irreparable? What shall I think of myself if I drive others to defraud their creditors, so that we may keep up appearances before the world? 'They all do sir,' 'They say,'" usually comprises only a few persons whose real, actual lives, if exposed to the truth, we should not wish to imitate.

FREDERIKA BREMER.

By the last European steamer we have news of the death of Miss Frederika Bremer. She died in Stockholm, in Sweden, a few weeks ago, aged 64 years. She was known and highly esteemed in the United States, not only through her novels and other works, which were translated into English and republished here, but through a visit she made to this country. She was born in 1802 on the banks of the Aura, near Abo, in Finland. Her family removed into Sweden when she was about three years old. She was carefully educated, spent a year in Paris, and was afterwards a teacher in Stockholm. In 1842, her novel "The Neighbors," was published in England, and immediately became popular. Subsequently Mrs. Howitt translated "The Home," "The Diary," "The H. Family," "The President's Daughter," "Nina," "Brothers and Sisters," "Life in Dalecarlia," and "The Midnight," all of which were widely circulated.

THE SOIREE GYMNASTIQUE.—This exhibition at the Academy of Music, not long since, was really a very interesting and admirable affair. The charms of vocal and instrumental harmony were combined with the music of motion. The calisthenic exercises of boys and girls, the gymnastic exercises of youths and men, and the military drill of cadets, were all exhibited in great perfection. Fencing and sparring were also illustrated, to the great entertainment of the audience—the adroit and graceful skill of the fencers being particularly admired. Messrs. Hillebrand & Lewis deserve great credit for the manner in which they managed this exhibition, and we trust their Institution will receive a liberal support from our citizens. Such exercises are just what are needed in all cities, that the young people may grow up with strong and healthy physical and mental organizations. Give them patronage, fellow citizens, and plenty of it—and the same to all their brethren in the arts of physical culture.

OUR YOUNG ARTISTS.

Philadelphia has a number of young artists at the present time, of whom any city might be proud. Lambdin's paintings already have a wide reputation, and deserve it. Furness, who is now in Boston, recently painted, we are informed, a portrait of Ralph Waldo Emerson, for which he was offered $1,500,—and the money test of portraits is generally a tolerably correct one. Richards's paintings—so wonderfully true to nature—are also making him famous.

We recently saw some very excellent pictures in the studio of George B. Wood, Jr., 528 Walnut Street. We are glad to find that nearly all of them were sold. One however of a famous lake near Wilkesbarre, Pa., not quite completed, was lying there waiting a purchaser. If dollars were as plenty with us as good wishes, we should not have left Mr. Wood's studio without possessing a pre-emption right to that painting. We trust those of our readers who wish to exchange base coin for the rich golden ingots of genius, will not forget Mr. Wood when they are on their hunt for little pieces of glory to illuminate their walls with. H. P.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"POEMS," by ANNIE E. CLARK. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

"MOSAICS OF LIFE," by MRS. ELIZABETH H. THURSTON. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for February. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

"CORA BELMONT." Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

"THE TWINS AND HEART." By MARTIN F. TUPPER. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

"HOLLY BERRIES." By NELLIE EVANS. Published at Evans's Gift Book Store, Philadelphia.

Washington Letter.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ESSEX.

The gay season at Washington is now at its height. Every day has its receptions, every evening its levees or balls. On Monday, Mrs. Senator Dixon, and some other ladies of the Senators, receive, and in the evening, Secretary Harlan has a levee, and there is a reception at Senator Trumbull's, and one at Mr. Kinney's, with dancing.

On Tuesday, Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren receives, and Mrs. Senator Sherman in the evening. There is the regular reception at the White House, and this week a *bal masquée* at Mr. Davis's.

On Wednesday, all the ladies of the Cabinet are at home; and in the evening, Mrs. Freeman Clarke has a grand ball.

On Thursday, Mrs. Senator Morgan and Mrs. Senator Stockton receive; and in the evening, on alternate Thursdays, Mrs. Morgan gives a grand reception, and Secretary McCulloch and Speaker Colfax have levees.

On Friday, the ladies of the White House receive; and Lady Elmer Thurlow, Countess Montholon, and other ladies of the diplomatic corps, are at home; and in the evening, Secretary Welles has a levee, and the Bachelors of Washington, this week give a grand ball.

On Saturday, Mrs. Sprague has her charming receptions; and in the evening, Secretary Stanton and Admiral Dahlgren have levees.

On Wednesday being, as I said, the grand reception day of the ladies of the Cabinet and Speaker Colfax's family, I prepared myself *en grand tenue*, to make the rounds with the rest.

Stella and myself drove first to Secretary Stanton's. He lives in a double brick house, on K street, near 13th, containing a handsome suite of rooms on the entree side of the door. Mrs. Stanton receives with much stately grace. She has rather a classic outline of features and well shaped head, which was admirably displayed by the simple arrangement of her hair. She wore a dark blue silk, trimmed with velvet of the same color, and a Valenciennes collar.

Our next visit was to the residence of Speaker Colfax, on 4½ street. This is an unpretending brick house, with a high flight of steps leading to it. In the large drawing-room, we found Mrs. and Miss Matthews, the Speaker's mother and sister. They are both ladies of charming affability of manner. The elder lady wore a garnet-colored silk and pretty motherly-looking cap; the younger lady a gray silk, trimmed with cord. They received us with rare cordiality, and urged us so heartily to come again, that if we followed our inclinations, we should be perpetually going to their receptions.

Leaving this pleasant house we drove to Attorney-General Speed's on H street above 17th. The day, although bright and beautiful overhead, was very wet under foot, and rather drippey from cornices and door tops. This house, which is a double brick, had a projecting portico, and there was such a rain falling on the porch, that the waiter was obliged to hold up an umbrella to secure us a safe entrance. Mrs. Speed is another lady whose heartiness of manner makes one feel thoroughly welcome, and the cup of chocolate we took there by the bright fire was very refreshing.

Next to Secretary McCulloch's fine house on Connecticut Avenue. Mrs. McCulloch, a fine looking lady with beautiful black eyes, received us very graciously. Her dress was of black moire antique, trimmed with black lace, and she had several young ladies with her who admirably aided her in doing the honors.

Mrs. Dennison was not receiving, and we proceeded to the residence of Secretary Welles. This large stuccoed house on the Square was handsomely thrown open, and Mrs. Welles did the honors with quiet dignity.

Our last call was on Mrs. Harland. To my fancy this house was the handsomest of all. It is a double brown stone front, on the Square. And the parlors are beautiful rooms freshly and very handsomely furnished. Mrs. Harland is a pretty lady, of slight figure and very graceful manners, her dress was black silk trimmed with steel, and she wore diamond ornaments. Her daughter, a handsome young lady with fine, dark eyes, ably assisting her amiable mother.

On Monday, in the Senate, I listened with great amusement to Mr. Chandler's war speech. He is a tall man, with thick, light hair, streaked with gray, light beard, and rather a pale face. He spoke with excessive energy.

"Her Majesty's Government has refused all intercourse with us till the Alabama question is settled," he said, "and I agree with her Majesty's Government. Let us have absolute non-intercourse."

The withering sneer with which he pronounced the words "Her Majesty's Government" would, I think, have annihilated Queen

Victoria had she been present. He then went on to speak of the conduct of the British authorities in regard to the Shenandoah, how they called up every man of them on deck and asked them these questions:

"Patrick O'Flannagan, are you a British subject?"

"No, be jabers, I'm a Dootchman."

"Dennis McDonald are you a British subject?"

"Naa, I'm a Spaniard!"

"And they were let go free every man of them?"

This joke of the honorable Senator's producing roars of laughter among his dignified compeers, though the passage of the resolution was objected to, and the next day it was voted down.

On that morning, Tuesday, considerable amusement was created by the *naive* remark of Mr. Davis of Kentucky. He was very anxious to have the negro suffrage bill brought up, and having carried his point through the amicability of the Senate, he proceeded to denounce Mr. Sumner as the most disagreeable man in that body.

"He actually had the assurance," said he, "to say to me that my remarks might be as appropriately read on either of the other bills pending as on this one."

As the venerable Senator is apt to be rather desultory, and there might be some grounds for this suggestion, the merriment was universal. Mr. Davis is small, but makes up in impetuosity what he lacks in size. His argument was very long, and the Senate was nearly empty most of the time he was addressing it. I went once to the House myself, and thereby merely got from "the frying pan into the fire," for Mr. Julian of Indiana was then holding forth in a very stupid and nearly inaudible speech, which, besides, was outrageously radical in sentiment. A great many Senators were there, and one of them informed me in the evening that:

"When I went out I told them to call me when Mr. Davis got to the proposition to consolidate the New England states into one, as that always comes in toward the end."

Still it seemed to me that more respect might have been shown to so venerable a gentleman as Mr. Davis, since if his remarks are somewhat lengthy, they are always sensible and to the point.

I think I have not yet given you any detailed description of a reception at the White House. I was there on Tuesday evening. On entering, were shown into a large reception-room to lay aside our cloaks and hoods, and then passing round, by direction of an usher, through a different door from that which admitted us, we joined our gentlemen, and were introduced to the two ladies who now do the honors of the "Executive Mansion."

Mrs. Patterson, the wife of the Senator elect from Tennessee, is of medium height and figure, a fine, intelligent countenance, splendid black hair, and dark eyes. She wore a black silk skirt, black velvet basque, and white lace waist. Mrs. Stover, the young widow, is delicate and graceful in figure, with a sweet face, golden hair, and blue eyes. She wore a heavy black silk, with simple necktie at the throat.

We were received in the red room, which is a handsome and cheerful apartment, the warm color of the walls and furniture, the brilliant lights, and the beautiful flowers, making it seem very pleasant. From there, we went to the blue room. This is but a gloomy place; it is large and well furnished, but the sombre color of the walls, carpet, and sofas, which are all of deep blue, makes it impossible, with any amount of light, to render it cheerful.

Here then was assembled a motley crowd of people; some ladies in elegant ball costume, some in plain home dress; some men walking about as if they owned the place, with their hands in their pockets; others sitting on the extreme edge of their chairs as if afraid to be there. But I have already occupied so much space that I have no room to describe any of the celebrities who were present.

After a while the east room was thrown open and we went in to see it. It sadly needs refurnishing; the carpet, once a handsome Wilton, is faded, soiled and trampled; the crimson satin covers of the sofas and chairs are slit in many places; the silk curtains are faded, and the lace ones dirty and ragged; altogether it is but a disgraceful apartment.

The President came in late in the evening, and very affably shook hands with those who were presented, but Stella was horrified to observe that we had no gloves on!

Mrs. Featherby's Boarders.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

VI.

The writer hereof has no wish to be identified with the so-called strong-minded women, has no particular spite against men, *as men*, on the contrary rather approves of them—in their places. She wishes it to be known that she is actuated by not the faintest spark of ill-will in what may follow concerning the amiable eccentricities of Mrs. Featherby's Boarders. The individuals under consideration are especially requested not to take it as anything personal.

The proprietor of Mrs. Featherby's Boarders belongs to that numerous class of American citizens who have seen better days. She persistently objects to being called the keeper of a boarding house. She will have her boarders to be represented, not as her boarders, but her family. If she has a fancy for this queer style of mothership, she shall be indulged in it. Only some women wouldn't like to own to the maternity of all the specimens under her roof. Her family is eminently of the upper classes. No vulgar sign of "Boarders taken in" appeareth at her front door, and no horrid mechanics ever profane her threshold, consecrated to the genteel style of boarding.

There are four of them, representing the four professions of Theology, Law, Medicine, and School-teaching. Treating them in the order of their rank, we begin with Theology.

In Bugbyaville, as in all villages, are nearly as many churches as dwelling houses. Over one of these churches, a faded frame building, worshipped in by the brethren and sisters holding to a certain rigid form of the primitive orthodox faith, presideth that most pitiable of all human beings, the unmarried minister of a country town. The Rev. Peter Dipem is slender and weak-looking, with white hair, white face, white eyes, and a white hat. He wears a feeble side whisker, of the same color as the fringe of a turnip sprout. He has a continual badgered, worried look, as though something were fretting his puny life away. When you talk to him, you fancy, oddly enough, that the man's ideas have been forever swimming in weak tea. At present, let this suffice for theology. Hereafter, I may have to tell you, as in a child's story, "More About the Rev. Peter Dipem."

Come we next to the honorable profession of the Law. Its supreme majesty stands forth in the person of Joshua Fleece, Esq., senior partner of Fleece and Grindem's. He is loud, square, solemn, and pompous. He has but one eye, and the name of being able, by the glare of that single orb of dull brass, to strike the most impudent witness dumb, and bring him to utter shame and confusion. (I wish he'd try it on my nephew, John Milton, sometime.) They say that he is the sharpest lawyer in the state. I have heard it declared in good faith that if "ye old serpent, that arch deluder, Satan," should once set his wits against our village attorney, Lawyer Fleece would cheat him out of his eyes. He would skin a flint, would Lawyer Fleece. In the matter of deportment, he is the Turveydrop of Bugbyville. He prides himself of his square pompousness. He prides himself on the brassy glare of his own eye, on the powerlessness of the softer emotions to penetrate the tough bark of his soul. Yet he would fain be thought to have a weakness. That weakness—shades of red tape and calf-bound! is what he calls THE FAIR SEX. He would have you think that the one vulnerable part in his Achille's armor, is, not the heel, but the heart. Nevertheless, he hath no wife. He had one once, they say. It must have been long ago, in his extreme youth, before the scarcely then youthful saps in his nature had been absorbed by the Common Law of cheating. But he and Mrs. F. did not get on together at all. One of Ella's charming old gentlemen says that the measure of choosing well is whether a man likes what he hath chosen. By this measure, Lawyer Fleece's choice was a most vile, bad one. For he liked what he had chosen hardly better than what he had chosen liked him. So they separated, and the admirer of the fair sex has lived, married bachelor, at Mrs. Featherby's ever since.

The chair and plate next Lawyer Fleece is occupied by a shabby sprig of the medical profession. Wherefore I know not, but there is a certain mental crook or twist in me, which always associates long hair, shawls, black finger-nails, and seedy medical students together. I cannot help it, but somehow this *tout ensemble* always expresses to my mind The Medical Student Style. Sculapius Green, embryonic sawbones, incipient M. D., is no variation from my rule. It has long been to me a matter of melancholy wonderment, why these expectant high-priests and apostles of the goddess Hygeia so continually forget the injunction of St. Paul, that cleanliness is next to godliness. It has been a matter of equally melancholy observation that, in general, medical students are the most careless, slovenly; in fact, to speak out plainly, most unmistakeably and indubitably dirty of all male bipeds. I do not understand it. Maybe it is one of their amiable eccentricities. Perhaps their intellects are so taken up with the contemplation of loftier themes, that they may not come down to the small circumstance of soap and water. I know not.

Unlike the great legal gentleman on his right, Sculapius Green, (Heaven forgive him for it!) professes extreme contempt for all womankind. I have noticed that this also belongs to The Medical Student Style. It is likewise unexplainable. Moreover, I have understood that Sculapius Green has resolved never to marry. It is easy to keep good resolutions when there is no temptation to break them. I doubt me if many of the young maidens, even in Bugbyville, would accept the official position of Mrs. Sculapius Green, M. D. But for all that, this youthful doctor was once caught sending an effusion to the pretty girl over the way, wherein *hills* rhymed with *pills*, and *roses* with *doses*. So little does the profession of medicine accord with its practice.

Enter Abel White, schoolmaster.

Time out of mind hath he wielded the village birch. He has attained the age of seventy or thereabouts. To the profession of schoolmaster he adds also the accident of widowerhood. Six months ago the excellent Mrs. White was yet alive. Then was Abel a feeble old man, bent and bowed by the weight of years. Balder than a Rocky Mountain peak, guiltless of a single capillary spear, smoother than the back of one of Lawyer Fleece's Revised Statutes, the top of his head arose. He never appeared, summer nor winter, in those days, without a huge red bandana tied closely over his bald pate, while the few straggling, snow-white locks still lingering about his ears, bespoke him at once the venerable church deacon that he was. Leaning upon a stout oaken stick, this aged pedagogue threaded the street to and from his school-house, and if by chance one of his youthful sisters in the church met him and kindly asked after his health, he would answer, with a cough which might have come from the bottom of a well, so hollow was it, and sepulchral:

"Oh! Ah! One foot in the gr-a-a-ve, and the other stumbling on the verge." Witness you now the sequel. Three months ago departed this life, Mrs. Schoolmaster White. Exactly six weeks after, vanished from sight the shining pate, straggling locks, red bandana, oak stick, hollow cough, and all the infirmities of Abel White. The self-same Sunday morning appeared in that aged deacon's seat at church, the figure of a man clad in immaculate kids, new black coat, and spruce peg-tops, with most luxuriant auburn hair, and a slender, dandaical rattan of cane, which he twirled with a finished elegance not surpassed even by my nephew, John Milton. And people marvelled much who might be this fashionable stranger in old Abel White's accustomed corner. But when he lifted up his voice and sang, lo! it was none other than Abel White's self, flowering out in all the gorgeousness of wig and patent leathers. The aged grub had been transformed, in the dead of winter, into a flaunting butterfly. Whence this wonderful metempsychosis? Here is the secret thereof. The ancient schoolmaster liked what he had chosen the first time so well, that his soul is moved within him to make the like choice a second time. "Candidate for Matrimony" is inscribed on his glossy wig, placarded on his new coat, and reflected in every scintillation of those dazzling patent leathers.

He is welcome to this matrimonial advertisement gratis.

When another week shall have sped, bearing its story, good or bad, up to the recording angel, dear Post, the veracious historian of Mrs. Featherby's Boarders will set before you a circumstantial account of Mrs. Featherby's Family.

ZIG.

TWO IMPORTANT OBJECTS.—The discovery of what is true, and the practice of what is good, are the two most important objects of life.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Chilly Chile—An Unwelcome Welcome—Alpachas.

Whatever the season of the year, one journeying from Buenos Ayres towards Valparaiso, by the usual route and passes of the Cordilleras, naturally enough begins to feel chilly and shiver at times with the cold almost as soon as he enters Chile, so that with veteran *voyageurs* westward bound, comes out one of the first sentiments after setting foot across the boundary: "Ah—Chilly Chile!"

To grown-up readers generally, and all anywise advanced young ladies and gentlemen, and school-girls and boys of the third term, this sudden change in temperature in a journey of sixty miles, in a direction always tending towards the southern tropic, will require no explanation. But there are many smaller readers, and now and then one perhaps of more mature growth, understanding many other matters very clearly, who never having studied altitudes and temperatures at various elevations above the sea, barometrical and thermometrical rises, depressions and changes, might with propriety enough say—Please explain that, sir. How is it that in two days' time after leaving Mendoza, where it was all sunshine and summer heat, and having travelled scarcely more than twenty leagues, and that, too, diagonally towards the Equator, we find the ladies of your party putting on furs, you senors shivering in overcoats and *ponchoes*, and the mercury in your thermometers falling from 89 deg. to 57?

I shall answer that in the two and a half days and twenty leagues travel we have climbed up in the world very nearly five thousand eight hundred feet, which in the latitude of 33 deg. South, would give us about 26 deg. colder weather than they had at the time under foot down there in Mendoza. Then there was Old Aconcagua to the northward of us, to the southward the lowering Bezrabazado, and lying between their snow-clad summits—all in front of us looking westward were peaks and serried crests crowned with everlasting winter—all nearer by twenty leagues and almost six thousand feet in altitude than we had them down there at the city on the plain, a circumstance that accounts for the balance of cold weather added to the difference of elevation.

But, in reality, we were not nearly so cold as we imagined ourselves. That was proved positively every hour or two, though several of our younger travellers made a great wonder of the evidence until it was explained to them. We, who were climbing up the Andes, changing the temperature so rapidly, of course felt the cold four times as much as we should have done if we had been stationary for a month or so at that altitude, while frequently we met travellers descending, who, instead of finding furs, overcoats and *ponchoes* a comfort, had flung them all aside, and were perspiring in thin dresses and shirt sleeves. Descending more rapidly than we were climbing up, these travellers felt the change inversely from our experience and more sensitively. Hence it was "Ah, Chilly Chile" upon entering the country, and going out of it at the same place, cavallieros and caravanseros said, sweating and sweltering—"*Esta mucha color.*"

It occurs to me just here to say to our school children, and a few of our friends out of school, that spelling Chile—*Chili*, and pronouncing the word as it were spelled Chi-lie are both incorrect. *Chile* is the orthography of the best authorities in Chile, and the correct pronunciation as if it were spelled Chilly. The matter may be of no special importance to us far North here; but as through her respectable position among the Spanish American republics of South America, and the extra notoriety that will accrue to Chile from her present "speck of war" with Spain, it is better to understand her name correctly.

As at the period of our journey toward Santiago, the country was in a very disturbed condition—just in the transition state, i. e., one military presidential dictator just ousted from office, and another military master of the situation somewhere down toward Talcahuona, fighting his way tediously, but surely, up towards Santiago, and the highways and byways being infested with prowling bands of lawless banditti, travelling, unless in strong force, or under an efficient military escort, was at that particular time uncomfortable and something hazardous.

But our force, formidable as it was in its union of caravan, cavallieros, and our thirty-three, I think, ready rifle and revolver shots, both male and female, we had little to dread from an onslaught of any of the predatory rascals of the highway; indeed, we had several of us—not only men, but women of caravan and cavalcade, in a bantering way, several times wished, as did the reckless Robeshon, squire of the gallant Knight of the Eagle: "O, that some monster, dragon, or a band of robbers would leap out of this cover and attack us!" And sooner than we bargained for, we had our wish

At about mid-day, after we had passed some three leagues within the Chilean territory, when we had passed something more than a mile within a narrow, rocky defile, along the bottom of which the road ran with a steep ascent, in an irregular, zigzag course, suddenly there came the clatter of hoofs, and directly thereafter a great halloing and shouting in the way above us, but round an abrupt turn to the right, and directly six of our riders—two Brazilians and Don Ignacio Pino, a Bolivian, all three members of our individual party, and the same number of riders from the Buenos Ayrean cavallieros, who had ridden on ahead as a vidette—all came dashing back around the turn and headlong in among us, roaring out most lustily:

"*Madre de Dios! vengo ellos Montanes!*"

(Mother of God! the mountaineers are coming.)

Certain it was that there was a considerable party of somebody coming down the rugged road, and three or four random shots fired by them just as our outriders came into cover around the bend, told rather positively that they were no friends of ours. But in order to ascertain just who and what they were, with the nature of their errand, Dr. Bond spurred forward to the turn, followed first by Cator, then O'Harra, then Monteiro, our Brazilian captain. Then, after the Brazilian, came crowding up abreast, Edith Bond, Kate O'Harra, Senoras Monteiro and Cosmo, meddlers whose proclivities for diving into danger and other people's affairs, and who upon this occasion I had found as impossible to shut back with my horse across the pass, as it would have been to bar the passage of a dozen eels bound down stream in a mill-race with a bootjack.

So we went in end—the female support and myself, neck and neck, only the inevitable Kate O'Harra managed to lead us a horse's length,—and made the turn just in time to see and hear the meeting and greeting between our Baltimore M. D. leader, and the commander of the *Montanes*—some sixty in all—excellently mounted for Chileños, and to our surprise, in something very like the national uniform. The commander, a handsome, youngish, cavalier-looking man, had ridden directly forward, until the neck of his fiery, jet-black horse lapped its length that of Dr. Bond on one side, and directly was lapped by that of Kate O'Harra's "gallant gray" on the other.

The doctor opened communications by demanding firmly of the handsome chief who he was, and what it was himself and party required?

Very politely raising his plumed *sombrero* from his head, the stranger smilingly and with suavity, and a polite bow to the ladies, replied, directly to the point:

"We are mounted troops of the Republic of Chile, senor. We require *money*. All travellers pay tribute here. You are rich, we have heard. A few hundred *ounces* will satisfy us!"

"Modest, certainly—and upon my word, an early, and something warm welcome to Chile—"

So far had the doctor got in his reply to the commissioned free booter, when Mrs. Kate O'Harra put in a protest against such an infamous highway blockade, that surprised us all, and entirely confounded Col. Pedro Castani, commander of the Chileno mounted robbers.

"Headlong Kate's" revolver was held within a yard of colonel-brigand's left ear, as steadily as ever laid a hunter's rifle in rest, and as steadily and clear, ringing Spanish, Mrs. O'Harra was saying to the dumbfounded officer:

"I have six bullets in as many seconds, at command, senor colonel. At ten steps, I clip a rial at every shot. It is better you throw down that great awkward thing you are holding there thinking to frighten us. Pshaw! I could kill you four times over while you were raising your arm and drawing back the hammer of that old-fashioned affair. If you would like to look at your friends at Santiago again, senor colonel, it is better for you to obey orders. A pretty welcome indeed, you are extending to strangers. It will give us a high appreciation of Chileno courtesy."

I never saw another instance of a bold, defiant blusterer, backed by sixty armed ruffians, being so suddenly and substantially subjugated. The really fine-looking fellow actually quailed, and shook as with an ague fit under the keen, unswerving glance of the brave, beautiful woman and the eloquent appeal of her levelled revolver. Down dropped at Kate's command, the clumsy, flint-lock horse-pistol, and at her second bidding: "*To the rear*—MARCH!" mechanically the conquered and captured colonel brigand moved forward side by side with his fair captor into the midst of our party.

Both Col. Castani and his followers coming to see the whole strength of our column, and the efficient manner in which our particular portion of it was armed, became convinced that their intended welcome would have been a fatal amusement to them.

Kate O'Harra insisted upon keeping her captured Chileno colonel under close guard, compelling him to march with us during the entire afternoon, all the time torturing and tantalizing him with her brilliant wit, as pussy snubs and cuffs her unfortunate mouse-victim whom she does not care to dispatch. At length when it was quite dark and we were going to bivouac for the night, Kate dismissed her crest-fallen captive with the wholesome advice that when next he meditated an attack upon a party of peaceable travellers, to make sure first that there was no wild Irish women wearing Yankee revolvers among them.

Here we first made the acquaintance of the Spanish American alpacha, which in all these Andean regions is a beautiful and certainly a most useful animal. We all argued at the time—at least, all of us who had ever been in North America, and so many of us as survive doubtless argue in the same direction still, that in all the highland regions of the United States, the alpacha from the Andean ranges of Chile and Bolivia, would be a most valuable acquisition to our wool and mutton stock.

Within an hour after going into quarters for the night, and while we were still busy about our suppers, there came to our camp an old white-haired, patriarchal mountaineer, accompanied by his son and daughter—a handsome, intelligent lad of seventeen, and a beautiful, bright-eyed mountain maiden two years younger, driving in, if I remember correctly, a little flock of twenty very fine mountain alpachas, which the old shepherd was anxious to sell, or exchange for any commodities that we happened to have to dispose of—supposing us to be a caravan of itinerent merchants.

We had an abundant supply of *charque* and fowls, with all sorts of canned meats, but then a mouthful of mountain mutton—of which the finest in the world is produced in Chile—would be a delicious treat, and as the old shepherd was eager to dispose of his stock, offering to slaughter and dress it all for us during the night, we bargained with him.

The sheep were young and in prime condition, the weight of the carcases, after being dressed and dried off for two hours or so, ranging from one hundred to one hundred and twenty pounds. Cheap enough meat, you will agree, at one dollar per head, the price they were offered at.

However, we gave the old shepherd all the pelts, they being of no service to us, paid him his price for the alpachas, and among us, I should say, about two doubloons for the night's labors of himself and children, presented the boy with a serviceable, double barrelled shot gun, and a great stock of ammunition, while our generous female fellow wanderers fairly overloaded the lovely, light-hearted little mountaineer, Donna Ayoletta, with all manner of jewelry, and woman's wearing apparel of every description, sufficient in quantity and quality to maintain her supremacy as the reigning belle of all that mountain region for the next ten years I think. So, that after all, the old mountaineer's alpacha enterprise was not a bad speculation.

IT should never be forgotten by those who would form a proper judgment of human nature, that the religious feeling may exist in its strongest form, unaccompanied by either amiability of disposition or honesty of character; on the contrary, the most ferocious monsters that ever disgraced humanity, have been the most superstitious in their religious feelings, the strictest in their pious observances. It is a lesson which all history teaches, and one which is every day lost sight of in our surprise at the exposure of some enormous villainy in those who are esteemed the pillars of the church.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW LIFE, TALENT AND ENERGY.

Splendid Array of Contributors:

UNSURPASSED AND UNSURPASSABLE.

The old favorite of the reading public, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has passed into the hands of a NEW FIRM, who are determined to infuse FRESH LIFE, TALENT and ENERGY into its columns. The popular novelist,

EMERSON BENNETT,

Author of "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "THE REFUGEES," "CLARA MORELAND," &c., &c., has been engaged, at a great expense, as a regular contributor; and will

WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

Mr. Bennett began a continued story in the first number of the New Year, called

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST;

A Tale of The Backwoods.

This story will run through from twelve to fifteen numbers, and be a story of the early settlement of Kentucky, including adventures with the Indians in that romantic region which was generally called by the pioneers of civilization, "the dark and bloody ground."

Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER will also contribute a continued story in the course of the year, entitled

GENEVIEVE HOWE.

Our columns will be further supplied with original contributions by the following

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Author of "Rock Me to Sleep," &c.
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All of the Departments of the paper will be filled—as far as possible—with

ORIGINAL MATTER.

The old friends of THE POST—some of whom have stood by it during the sunshine and storms of Forty years—will thus see that we are determined to be

UNSURPASSED BY ANY COMPETITOR;

and in view of these fresh and costly efforts and brilliant inducements, we trust to have their warm exertions in our behalf, and the LIBERAL SUPPORT OF A GENEROUS PUBLIC.

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[For particulars, see under editorial head on second page.]

TERMS—Our terms are the same as those for that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the Clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, when it is so desired, and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $2.50; Two copies, $4; Four copies, $8; Eight copies (and one *gratis*) $16; Twenty (and one *gratis*) $35. One copy each of THE POST and LADY'S FRIEND, $4.

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☞ Single numbers for sale by the News Dealers.
☞ Editors inserting the above shall be entitled to an exchange by mailing us a *marked* copy.

☞ THE HOPE OF THE RIGHTEOUS.—There is in the land of the living a stream of immortality, on whose banks the flowers of virtue will bloom and smile in everlasting verdure. But, then, mistake not; it is only religion, heaven-born spirit, that can conduct us to that place of rest—that Eden of immortal bliss.

☞ "Joe, my dear," said a fond wife to her husband, who followed the piscatory profession on the banks of Newfoundland, "do fix up a little, you look so slovenly. Oh, what an awful memory it would be for me if you should get drowned looking so!"

THE LESSON OF THE SNOW-STORM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLE BUSH.

How changed is thy aspect, oh! Mother Earth,
Since I looked on thy form last night,
Sombre and dark was thy mantle then,
But now thou art robed in white.
Pure and bright
As the holy light
That wakens the Meriden Morn,
Is thy raiment white
That came last night
When the blinking stars were born.

I never would dream, oh! Mother Earth,
As I gaze on thy form this morn,
That thy robes were ever defaced by time,
Or ever were soiled and worn.
I never would dream
From the pearls that gleam
And glow on thy breast to day,
That ever a cloud,
Or ever a shroud,
On thy radiant bosom lay.

I never would dream, oh! Mother Earth,
That thy brow with its stainless ray
Had ever been dark with the shades of death,
Or ever had known decay.
I never would dream
That the sunset gleam,
As it kissed the lips of Day,
Looked on thy form
Through a blinding storm
And gloomily passed away.

I never would dream, oh! Mother Earth,
Thou ever wast Queen of May,
And crowned by the beautiful sylphs of Spring
With garlands and chaplets gay.
I never could dream
Such a wonderful dream,
Had been, and would be full soon,
Did I not know
That under the snow
Are sleeping the flowers of June.

I never should dream, oh! Mother Earth,
Of thy gay October dress,
Of the purple and gold in its leafy folds,
Or the light in each waving tress.
I never should dream
Of the silvery gleam
Of the Indian Summer days,
When hill and dale
Wear a gossamer veil,
And sleep in the Autumn haze.

I never should dream, oh! Mother Earth,
That ever the fields were green,
Or the meadows bright with a golden light,
Where the buttercups were seen.
I never should dream
That the Summer stream
Made love to the blushing flowers,
When at its brink
They stooped to drink
The pearls of the laughing showers.

I never should dream, oh! Mother Earth,
Such marvellous things had been,
From aught that now in thy face appears,
Thou beautiful white-robed Queen!
Did I not *know*
That under the snow
Are sleeping the buds of May,
From your jewels bright,
And your robes of white,
I should deem thee a *Bride* to-day.

I should deem thee a fair young Bride, oh! Earth,
Just wedded to old King Time,
When his locks are white, with the winter's blight,
And his beard o'erflows with rime.
I should say the Night,
The dear kind Night,
Had woven thy bridal dress,
Of soft star-light,
With diamonds bright,
To twine in each waving tress.

Thou art resting calmly, oh! Mother Earth,
With thy Bridegroom stern and old,
Thou dost not fear, though his breath is keen,
And his embrace icy cold;
Thou seemest to know
That the stainless snow
Is a mantle of Charity,—
And the loveliest thing
That Old Time could bring
From the heaven of purity.

Thou seemest to know, oh! Mother Earth,
While wearing the Frost King's wreath,
And wrapped in the folds of his mantle cold,
That the flower seeds lie beneath.
Thou seemest to know
That under the snow
Are the wonderful powers of life,
That will rise at length,
With a greater strength,
For the Winter's storms and strife.

What power has changed thee, oh! Mother Earth,
What gentle and loving sprite
Looked fondly down from the sky last eve,
And wove thee a mantle white?
Whence comes the glow
Of the stainless snow,
What Chemist of the sky
In secret makes
Its fleecy flakes
In the cloud-ships floating by?

And what is the lesson, oh! Mother Earth,
That the wintry storm would bring?
Oh, speak and tell me, and through my heart
Each resonant word shall ring.
With the voice of mirth,
Awake, oh, Earth!
And teach me to read aright
The lessons taught
By the changes wrought
In thy face and form last night?

Thou dost not answer, oh! Mother Earth,
I hear but the world's rude din,
So I'll silently turn for an answering tone,
To the Teacher that dwells within.
Oh! questioning Soul,
Unseal thy scroll,
And answer me, spells of thought,
By the stainless glow,
Of the Winter's snow,
What lessons are we taught?

The answer cometh, oh! Mother Earth,
None looketh within in vain,
Truth welleth up from the *Soul's* deep cells
As sweetly as falls the rain.

We've only to seek,
With a spirit meek,
And its crystal founts will ope,
And the diamond spray
Of light will play
Till blossom the flowers of hope.

'Tis a beautiful lesson, oh! Mother Earth,
That the snow-storm brings to me,
And one it is well for us all to learn,
The lesson of Charity.
When the hills are dark
And the meadow lark
No longer is heard to say,
"On the waves of song
I float along
To welcome the dawn of day,"—

When Summer has left thee, oh! Mother Earth,
And the hills look bare and brown,
Then out of the pitying skies above,
The beautiful snow comes down,
Pure and white,
In crystals bright,
It falls where the dead flowers rest,
And it keepeth warm,
Each seedling form,
That sleeps in thy sheltering breast.

Sometimes it is Winter in human hearts,
The winter of bleak despair,
When souls by the tempests of grief are tossed,
Or shrivel and shrink with care.
Sometimes they sink
To the very brink
Of the dark abyss of woe,
Till they yearn to sleep,
Where none shall weep,
Under the stainless snow.

Sometimes the beauty and bloom of life,
Like the Summer flowers decay,
And the *Soul* looks forth from a *dreary* home,
Whence *Virtue* has fled away.
Sometimes it strays
From wisdom's ways,
And worships at Folly's shrine,
Till *Love* and *Trust*,
For soil and *rust*,
Have bartered their light divine.

Oh! what shall we do for such darkened souls,
And how shall we cheer their night?
What power will cover their sin stains all,
And weave them a mantle white?
Shall we look with scorn,
On hearts forlorn,
And banish them from our path,
Then idly prate,
Of our scornful hate,
Calling it *virtuous wrath!*

Oh! no, not thus, oh! Mother Earth,
Doth the pure and loving sky,
When on thy bosom in wintry climes,
It seeth the shadows lie,
But it sends the snow,
The pure white snow,
To cover each hill and plain,
And the light to say,
With each golden ray,
Oh! *Earth* thou shalt bloom *again*.

Thus kind thou art saying, oh! answering Soul,
Should *we* to each other be,
And weave for all darkened and sin-stained forms,
The mantle of Charity.
Pure in its glow,
As the beautiful snow,
It will cover each scar and stain,
And tell them *above*
Is a land of *love*,
Where their *spirits shall bloom again.*

LILIAN WALSINGHAM
AND
HER STRANGER HUSBAND.
(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AUBER FORESTIER.

"'I wish you, then, good afternoon, sir!' she replied, and sailed from the room.

"My farewell had been a stern, cold one, yet from the bottom of my heart I pitied the child. Had she shown a grain of feeling I should have relented; as it was I wrote to Minna commending her to her care. Can you understand now, lady, the memories your 'Good-bye song' awakened? Believe me the composer who can write such music has wonderful insight into the human heart!

"Arrived at ——, new troubles awaited me. Max, my old friend Max, called upon me, and bitterly accused me of having tampered with his happiness, and that of Lydie Steinbach. In vain I told him such a thought had been far from me. I knew he loved Lydie, and took it for granted she returned his affections. He did not believe me Lydie had persistently refused his addresses, declining to give any reason; but many things led both him and her father to believe that she loved me. Her health had given way entirely of late; she was dying, and they were sure that I was the cause. I had won her by my attentions, and then coldly turned from her.

"Now this was false, and I told Max so. Not only was I innocent of the least attempt to win the girl's heart, but it was in the highest degree improbable that she ever dreamed of loving me. Why, we had never conversed together five minutes at a time. I was greatly shocked to hear of her illness, but I believed, and still believe, it was caused by her never-ceasing anxiety on her father's account. She felt she owed me a debt of gratitude, she esteemed me highly, but I am sure that was all.

"Max did not give me much time for reflexion; he had come to demand reparation for his supposed wrongs, and to appoint an hour and place to meet in mortal combat. This challenge I declined. That Max had been my dearest friend had been reason enough, but independent of that, to accept would have been to acknowledge myself in the wrong. Many words passed between us, and Max left, vowing vengeance for the insult I had added to his wrongs.

"Ah! now indeed I have arrived at a fearful part of my history! The parting from Bertha—at least at first—was not fraught with the feverish horrors of the story I have now to tell. I must be brief in detailing this episode in my life, or my courage will fail me.

"The next morning I was aroused by the sound of heavy footsteps; opening my eyes, I found my bed surrounded by soldiers. I inquired the meaning of this intrusion, and felt my blood freeze with horror when I looked in the direction they pointed, as they bid me prepare at once to follow them. In an arm-chair, in the far corner of the room, sat bolt upright the corpse of old Steinbach, all besmeared with blood, a dagger on the floor beside him. I was arrested on the charge of having unlawfully abstracted the deceased from the state prison, and having murdered him when weary of the charge I had undertaken.

"As soon as I had in the least recovered my presence of mind, I made a full confession of my whole connection with Steinbach, up to the time when I had last seen him. I stated, too, that I had an enemy who had sworn vengeance to me; that as I was a heavy sleeper, he could easily have entered the room and left the body unheard. But of course my word was of no avail, and I was hurried off to prison. Arrived there, my first action was to send, with a heavy heart, for my poor old father.

"In the course of the day I learned that the officers had been put upon the scent by a young man who, when sought for, was nowhere to be found. The description of this young man coincided in every particular with that of Max Crampton. I learned, too, that Lydie Steinbach had died the day previous to my arrest, and that the old man at whose house they lived, could not tell when the father had first disappeared.

"I now saw it all. Lydie's death had killed the poor father, who had nothing but her to make life endurable. Max, unhappy Max, saw here an opportunity of revenge for his grief and supposed wrongs. He had found the old man dead, brought the body by night to my room—how, I could never conjecture, and to make the story of the murder more palpable, plunged into the dead man's heart a little dagger that lay upon the table. Having accomplished this diabolical manœuvre, he must have informed upon me and fled, heaven knows where.

"Although totally without proofs, from the bottom of my heart I believe this to be the true version of the story. That Max could be guilty of so foul a murder as that of a helpless old man, I could never believe. No, the whole thing was the deed of a madman—grief and rage had crazed his brain—my poor Max.

"Well, there was a long, tedious trial; everything was against me, and I was ——— convicted of treason and murder! My father's influence, however, was strong, and he never wearied in his exertions till he succeeded in having the sentence of death changed to one of exile.

"One day I was permitted to spend in my home before leaving my country. I bade my Minna a heart-rending farewell,—she would have shared my exile, the darling, had I permitted it. Gretchen was too crushed by her first blow to be deeply stirred by any new grief, yet her parting from me was a sad, tearful one. These dear sisters, neither one believed me guilty of murder, nor did Hedwig, as I afterwards learned. I did not see her though. My father alone was stern; with him my first offence was crime enough to warrant the supposition of aught else. I had broken him down, he said, I had finished the work Clara had begun. He had saved me from an ignominious death, he said, too, that my family might not be disgraced; now, I might go where I pleased, I was no longer anything to him.

"It was decided between Minna and myself that I should come to America in search of Clara; that I should seek her in New York, where she was last heard from. Then my precious Minna made me promise, on her bended knees, to accept a small remittance from her, enough to keep me from starvation at least. This I accepted, for I knew my Minna well, and knew that my refusal would pain her far worse than would the deprivations my acceptance would cause her. I spoke to Minna of Bertha, recommended her once more to her care, then we parted.

"One thing I had all but forgotten. In return for the service he had done me, my father had charged me never, when wandering in foreign lands, to divulge my real name or home. To this seemingly absurd request, I gave my solemn promise.

"So I left my home without one word of comfort from my father, and came to America in quest of my long lost Clara. Poor father, in thought or word I have never blamed him,—was it strange he should turn from one whom he believed to be a wilful murderer?

"When Clara first left her home, we young people heard from her frequently, sometimes through the Hamburg, sometimes through the Liverpool cousin. Now she had been gone upwards of eight years, and we had had no tidings for four. At first her letters had been filled with accounts of her husband's health, how he suffered, and how thankful he was for her presence. Then she wrote of his recovery, of his great application to business, and how at last fortune was rewarding his exertions. Then came tidings one after the other, of two dear little ones sent to bless their union; last of all came a letter full of sorrow and woe, telling how the scarlet fever had bereft her of her darlings. Since then we have never heard from her, all our inquiries about her have been vain. We have made every attempt to discover her whereabouts, our cousins and ourselves, for our father never breathed her name, never saw her letters.

"I reached New York. I exhausted every plan for my sister's discovery, but could find no traces of her. Wearied out at last, I was about giving up the search, when most unexpectedly I learned something that gave me a clue, not to her whereabouts, but to her probable destiny.

"A man named Pauer, who for years had been proverbially unlucky in business, had at last made a large fortune. He had a friend, a man in whom he had ever placed the strictest confidence. Determined to share with this friend his new found success, he had made him partner, raised him, honored him. His reward was this; not only was he wronged out of all, but it was done in such a way as to cast disgrace upon him. Heart-broken and crushed, Pauer had shut himself in his room, and blown out his brains. His wife was left totally destitute; she had left the city, but no one knew where she had gone.

"This was then why we had never heard from Clara—for this man was no doubt her husband. She could not bear we should know she had been left protectorless by the voluntary deed of her husband, or that we should hear of his disgrace. All this while she had doubtless been working hard for her own support, whilst I, wretch that I was, had calmly meant to live off Minna's bounty. No, this would never do; I must work for myself, and as a clerkship just then offered itself, I thankfully accepted it.

"Just after this I received a letter from Minna, informing me of what I had not before thought, that even that portion of my property I had made over to my wife, was confiscated. So I wrote at once, telling Minna of the means of support I had now found, and begging her to devote at least part of the allowance she had offered me, to that poor, forsaken child. We never could have been happy together, I said, even before I was driven from my country. I was firm in my resolution never to see her again, yet I pitied her, and knew besides that it was her right to be supported by me or mine.

"Minna's reply was a startling one. As soon, she said, as Bertha had heard of my misfortunes, she had come home from Berlin, where she had been staying, that she might comfort me and offer to share my fate. Finding me gone, she had followed me in the Empire, determined that, although parted in days of prosperity, now, were I willing, we should be united; she would at all events make the effort to obtain my consent that she might share my exile.

"'You will find her greatly changed,' Minna wrote—oh, I remember her words so well—'but how foolish in me, I am forgetting, Bertha must have reached you long, long before this letter. And, brother, you do not know how earnestly, how fervently I have prayed you may be happy with her at last. In my life I have never seen any one so altered; from a spoiled child, she has become an earnest woman. Wayward and fitful as she seemed, whilst with you she must have learned to love you—she did not know it though, poor little thing, but absence and the noble conduct which led to your misfortunes, fanned the flames already kindled. Whatever her faults may have been, my Hery, the heroism with which she has now acted, must surely blot out the past. She told me she had not come to be a burthen to you; that following our Clara's example, she had sold all her valuable trinkets, and she meant, too, to work with you, not let you toil on alone.'

"How I got through this letter I could never tell, but I read it on unflinchingly to the end. My mind was torn by diverse emotions, but all were thrust aside with the one dreadful thought—the Empire! the Empire! Could she really have sailed in the Empire! Almost beside myself, I seized a paper that had for days lain upon my table, containing a list of the passengers of the Empire. I had never dreamed it could contain any names that concerned me, and had failed to examine it. Alas! her name was indeed there, poor little child—the Empire had never reached its destination; it was lost, how was never known.

"The deepest remorse I had ever known now completely unmanned me. I had cruelly wronged this young girl. I had deserted her, although she was entrusted to my care. Instead of pitying her for what her education had made her, and striving to mould her to something different, I had despised her. From what Minna had said, love must have crept into her heart unawares and transformed her whole nature. Yet amidst all my sorrow and remorse there was no response within my breast to the knowledge of Bertha's love. Her conduct made me admire and respect her, but I knew Bertha Holstein and I were never made to be one. There was between us none of that sympathy, that mysterious attraction that God implants in the hearts of His creatures. In returning good for evil my poor Bertha lost her life, but almost from the first I have said: 'God's will be done. He doeth all things well.' She was happy. I know she must have been happy in the thought of her noble deed; she died in its commission, and God, who is merciful and just, has taken her to a glorious, happy home. Had she lived she must in time have been wretchedly unhappy, for the lot of the wife in the home where there is no love, is far more miserable than that of the husband.

"I lived long in New York, supporting myself by my exertions, seeing no one. I worked all day, and in the evening I went sometimes to hear good music, sometimes I stayed at home with my books. A few months since I received tidings of the death of my wealthy bachelor cousin in Hamburg. Most unexpectedly I learned that the whole of his immense fortune was to be left to Clara on condition that she should share it with me, and that she should repair at once to his only remaining brother in Liverpool. He had arranged it in this way, because had it been left in my name it would have been confiscated by the laws of the country. I discovered now, to my amazement, that for some time past Clara had been advertised for, and earnestly entreated to hasten to Liverpool where she would hear something to her advantage—my letter, it seems, had been delayed. A large remittance was enclosed to me, and I was besought to redouble my energies in Clara's discovery. I had previously done my utmost, now I started afresh and wandered far and wide, but to no purpose.

"A few weeks ago I settled here in Dhirth, no settled purpose as to my future life. I have lived in the sorrowful memories of the past, and in the hope that in the future God would send me peace and happiness, something at least to live for. I told you I had at last found a present, but, lady, God has brought us together, the future now depends upon you. Listen: that hitherto unknown mystery has at last taken possession of my heart and mastered my whole being. Lady, I love you—have you not seen it already? When I first saw you I knew I had found my ideal, since then I have but lived and breathed in the thought of you. During those rainy days I was convinced that this wondrous ecstacy was love. O, speak, lady, speak—at least give me the assurance that you believe in me, trust me, then I will patiently look forward to the future. The time will come, perhaps it is not far off, when my innocence shall be proved to the world, and I can honorably sue for your hand."

During this whole long recital, Lilian had never uttered one word. When the stranger first spoke of his wife she had grown pale as death; several times it seemed as though she must swoon away, yet she kept bravely up, and whether noting it or not he had never wandered from his narrative. At times though his voice trembled and his utterance seemed entirely choked, and great drops of moisture stood upon his brow, he struggled on. There were times when Lilian would start with horror, when the great tears would course down her cheeks, yet she listened quietly, never interrupting by a sob or a sigh. Clara's history seemed to have deep interest to her, but she kept back the words that seemed involuntarily to come, fearing, doubtless, to break the thread of the narrative or lose one single incident of the stranger's life. But no sooner was the story done, and those last words spoken, than burying her face in her hands, Lilian sobbed aloud with emotion.

Ah, then and there were spoken sweet words of love! The outpourings of a strong, manly heart were whispered into Lilian's enraptured ear, whilst she, after urgent entreaties, blushingly confessed her love. They were happy, these lonely ones! may Heaven's blessing rest upon them both!

Suddenly Lilian started; this last scene seemed to have for awhile banished something from her mind.

"I am forgetting," she cried. "Listen, I have joyful tidings for you. My teacher in music was a Mrs. Pauer; she was a widow, there was a mystery attached to her life, and six months ago she left for Liverpool."

"God be praised for all His mercies," the stranger cried. "You give me indeed joyful tidings. This is without doubt my Clara, my own dear Clara. And you have known her, have studied with her, she has been your friend. Ah, now I owe Clara a new debt of gratitude."

Then he asked her many questions about the long lost sister, and eagerly drank in her earnest replies. She told him how she had loved Mrs. Pauer, referred to many conversations they had had together, thus delighting the fond brother, for he saw that amidst all her trials Clara had remained unchanged in character, tastes and pursuits.

Hours sped by unnoted, and Lilian must at last go home. Once more the stranger thanked her for her perfect trust and confidence, once more he invoked Heaven's blessing upon her head, then they parted. First, however, they had given and received the first lover's kiss.

If Lilian had dreamed before in the solitude of her chamber, how was it with her now? Pure, innocent child, she fell on her knees and thanked God for all His mercies, and for the beauty He had shed over her life. Then, in her waking, and in her sleeping dreams, such visions flitted across her brain as only those who love can know.

Weeks rolled by, and every morning that it did not rain they passed together, and sometimes the latter part of the day too. She called him Hery now, and he called her Lilian; she sang to him, he read to her. She brought many songs now, but his favorites were always these, first—"Kunst Du das Land," and "My Little Heart." Of that other "Good-Bye" they never spoke; indeed Hery during these days of happiness, history was not again touched upon.

At home Lilian grew kinder and more affectionate in spite of the many rebuffs she received. In fact her whole nature was expanded by this wondrous love, and her heart seemed to warm toward all. A thought that these secret meetings, this secret betrothal with an entire stranger might be wrong never entered her brain. She gave no confidence to her mother, because she had been taught to give none, remember that, reader, you who are a mother. Within her breast, though, was that instinct with which God always endows innocent, unprotected young beings; it told her that her trust was not misplaced.

One day, it was about six weeks after Hery had revealed to Lilian his former life, he arrived at their place of meeting some time after the usual hour. He seemed greatly excited and agitated.

"Lilian," he cried, "my own dear Lilian, I have had strange news from home, news which compels me for awhile to leave you. But, darling, do not let us grieve; this parting will be but a brief one, and then I shall return a free man. I have just had a letter from father, the first he has written me. He says Max Crampton has turned up; all this while he has been in England, in an asylum for the insane. He does not remember how he reached there; his whole life since that horrible night, when he bore the body of old Steinbach to my chamber, is a blank to him. When reason dawned upon him the whole past before that time arose within his mind clearly and distinctly. He came home to make a perfect and entire confession of the truth—it was all just as I surmised, he made use of Steinbach's death to be revenged upon me. The authorities have taken the confession, and the charge of murder has been removed from me. With the last words of his confession Max fell back dead. Father writes that it is a miracle how he ever reached home, his health must for some time past been entirely wrecked, and nothing short of the strong desire to clear my name before he died kept him up. My poor Max, my unhappy friend!

"This fearful charge being now removed there is a possibility of my obtaining pardon for the other charge on the plea of my extreme youth, and my affection for Steinbach. The idea, you know, is that this might lead me to act as I did without any designs against government. So I am to leave at once for Liverpool, where father will communicate with me concerning the success of his endeavors on my behalf. He asks my pardon for having accused me falsely—my poor old father. He says one strange thing though—he reminds me of the foolish promise never to reveal my real name or home, and begs me not forget it in parting from any new acquaintances I may have made. This is simply absurd, yet I am forced to respect a promise I gave at a time when I little dreamed it could affect me."

As Lilian listened she shed mingled tears of joy and sorrow. Sorrow at the long separation, and joy at the thought of the weight of suspicion being lifted from him she loved. She felt sad at the history of Max Crampton, joyful at the words of comfort Hery whispered in her ear as he spoke of the time when he could claim her honorably as his own.

"But O, Hery," she said, "what will become of me whilst you are gone? You will be in one incessant whirl of excitement, whilst I—O, what will I do?"

He made a movement to speak, but she ran on—

"What shall we do if when you reach home you find that your father, after re-establishing you in your proper position, should wish you to marry one of his own choice? Your refusal, should you refuse, might lead you into new troubles. O, Hery, you know I trust you, I have proved it to you, but I dread this."

"I too have thought of this, Lilian, but there is still another thing that causes me far more anxiety. You, my darling, are young and very beautiful; you cannot always live secluded as you do now. By-and-by, when you do mix with society, you will meet with great admiration; you love me now, darling, but you might change or grow weary of waiting for me. It is cruel, it is wicked of me to be thus suspicious, but it may be so long before we can hear from one another, for because of my foolish promise, we cannot at first correspond. What I want to say is this; I have a plan, which if you will consent to it, will make us both safe, and will be, to me at least, a comfort."

He then told her that ever since he had received his father's letter he had been turning over in his mind a plan that they should be privately married. Could he only bring her to consent to meet him there the next day and go through the marriage ceremony, it would be but

a mere form, it is true, but it would give them a right to one another, and enable him to leave her with a free mind. Then should his father have any matrimonial schemes for him, he need only tell him that away in the land of his exile there was one who, without knowing his name or his home, had loved and trusted him, that she was now his wife, and all would be well.

Lilian was at first startled at this proposal, but her love and trust was so perfect and entire that she finally yielded. It was decided that she should meet him the next day, at the usual time, which was but a few hours before the vessel in which he must leave, was to start. He was to bring with him to perform the ceremony, a clergyman who was staying in the neighborhood, whom he had known in New York.

Lilian rose early next morning, robed herself in simplest white, and knelt long at her bedside offering up the fervent prayers of a pure heart. This was her marriage day, and her heart was filled with exultation and gratitude. Over her joy was wafted, to be sure, a breath of melancholy, because of the coming separation; but she fought it away, trying to think only of the happy day when Hery should come to claim her.

She found her lover impatiently awaiting her coming. By his side stood the clergyman, book in hand. The ceremony was a solemn, impressive one, and these two entered into it with a fervor that was touching.

"And only think, my darling wife," Hery cried, when all was over, "our separation will not be so altogether dreary as we at first feared. This gentleman has kindly agreed that as soon as my father absolves me from my promise and I can write to you, he will take charge of my letters. I can then send you my address, and your first letter will make me—oh, so happy."

The clergyman departed after numerous and hearty congratulations, and this strangely united couple walked up and down hand in hand, talking long and earnestly. Then they seated themselves beneath the well-loved tree, and Lilian sang to her stranger husband, sang to him for the last time for many weeks, perhaps months. As the last notes of the last song died away, they cast themselves into one another's arms, gave and received passionate farewell kisses, looked long and earnestly each into the other's eyes as though they would read to the very depths of each other's souls.

"Farewell, my dearest, dear little heart," Hery cried. "Sing that song often whilst I am gone, and be thankful as I am, that our separation is not such a one as that."

One more last kiss, and he was gone, leaving Lilian weeping on the ground.

For the past weeks Lilian's life had been one long dream, and now in her loneliness she dreamed on. She thought of him, her husband, and was proud of the right to call him such; she sang the songs he delighted in, read the books he loved; and though she missed him so much that at times she hardly knew how to bear his absence, she was still deliciously happy.

It came time at last for the letter she looked for; she thought so at least, and after waiting till her very heart ached, she went herself to the house where the strange clergyman had boarded. She found him gone, no one could tell her where. For the first time her heart sank within her, yet she did not altogether give way to despair. This gentleman had promised to find means of bringing her her letter—the letter she knew would come, and there yet was time. But day after day, week after week rolled by, and no letter came till Lilian was well nigh crazed with anxiety.

Her mother noticed her extreme nervousness and sent for the doctor, who recommended change of scene and air, but Lilian had no heart for change. At last really alarmed, Mrs. Walsingham exerted herself so far as to write to her relations in New York, and invite down a whole house full of company. Among the guests was a niece of the hostess, a lady of a certain age, one who had always been a leader of fashion in the circle in which she moved. This lady knew well how to entertain, and the reins of government being gladly placed in her hands, she kept up one continuous stream of gayety and excitement.

There were a number of young gentlemen amongst the guests, and others were invited over from the neighboring town. Of these each seemed to vie with the other in his attention to the beautiful Lilian. Her very melancholy seemed to attract them. The pretty, lively Ellen was much piqued at this; she could not understand why Lilian, who was so horridly dull, should attract more notice than her merry self.

The greatest trial our poor Lilian had to endure, was being obliged to sing for these butterflies of fashion. Under any circumstances it would have been trying to sing for thoughtless votaries of the world, who could not possibly know anything of art beyond what pleased the outward ear; but now it was torture to sing for others, for *he*, that far off beloved one, had loved her singing. The songs that *he* had most loved she hid away, and only when alone in her chamber in the few hours she now had to call her own, did she sing in a low voice lest others should hear, those two she had first sung to *him*—"Mignon's Song" and "My Little Heart."

The last of these had a new meaning to her now; she understood it as she had never done before. Her heart was filled with unutterable anguish when she dwelt upon it,—what if she should never see *him* again in this world, if all that was left her this side the "city of gold" was Thought? Sometimes, whilst listening to the insipid talk of the young gallants by whom she was surrounded, this music would ring through her head till it almost goaded her to madness.

Every day, early before the guests were about, she walked past the house where the clergyman had lived, oftentimes stopping to make fresh inquiries, but to no avail. Almost every day she went to the Post-Office to seek for letters directed either to herself, or the gentleman for whom she searched, but she found nothing. She could not write, she knew not where or how to send her letters. A thought of doubting Hery never entered her brain, but she feared something dreadful had happened. Perhaps he was dead, and she would never know it. Perhaps he had written, and this clergyman had betrayed his trust, neglected to give her the letters, and *he* would think it so strange she did not reply—poor Hery.

Sometimes she would start away to her favorite woods, but she could not stop long, for some of the gentlemen were sure to follow her, and it was like sacrilege to talk with others where it had been her wont to meet *him*. She managed to pass through the place, however, alone, at least two or three times a week at the usual hour, lest Hery should unexpectedly come for her.

Imagine how she felt—this poor young wife, wife but in name though she was, at being forced to receive attention, even offers of marriage, from other men. Two or three eligible proposals she had refused, called forth long lectures from both father and mother. With tearful eyes and flushed cheeks Lilian besought them to let her alone, she could not marry without love, she said. There was something so fearfully earnest in her manner upon these occasions, that her mother's suspicions were aroused.

For the first time she watched her child and pitied her, for it had become very evident that she labored under some weight of secret sorrow. She grew very tender to her drooping flower, and once when she had spoken more kindly than perhaps for many years, Lilian dropped the weary head on her mother's shoulder and sobbed aloud.

"Oh, mother," she wailed, "why were you not always so—then I might have told you all?"

"All what, my darling?" cried the hitherto neglectful mother, for the vehemence of the manner, the light in the eye, terrified her. But Lilian threw her arms wildly into the air, uttered a piercing shriek, and fell unconscious to the ground.

They bore her to her room; for others, attracted by the noise, had hastened in. The physician came and pronounced the case to be one of brain fever. For three long months she tossed upon the bed of sickness, and the wildest ravings escaped her lips. It was not long ere she had revealed little by little the whole history of her dream of love and marriage. The whole house was quiet now—the guests had all departed; and as the poor mother sat beside her child, the bitterest remorse filled her heart. Why, oh, why had she left this tender plant so entirely to its own guidance?

Then came the long days of convalescence, when the fever was gone, and with it all strength of body and mind, when Lilian would sit listlessly for hours, heeding nothing, when it was impossible to rouse her. There were times when they feared for her reason, and at last the mother decided it was best to acquaint the physician with every particular that she had gathered from Lilian's wild ravings—for until now what he had not chanced to hear himself, had been carefully held back from him.

The worthy man gravely shook his head. Were all this true he thought, but one thing could save Lilian—some tidings from this man she believed herself to have married.

"Yet, after all, madam, many parts of this strange story may be attributed to the vagaries of a diseased imagination," he said. "Nevertheless there must be some foundation to so wild a fancy, and but one thing can benefit your daughter; that is, to find this man."

Various investigations were set afloat for the discovery of such a person. They learned before long, that a short time before, a stranger had been boarding in the neighborhood, answering Lilian's frenzied descriptions of Hery—but that was all.

One day about a year from the date of the opening of this narrative, a stranger presented himself at Mrs. Walsingham's door, inquiring for the lady of the house. The moment the mother saw him, she knew it must be her Lilian's Hery. It was indeed no other than he.

Only that morning he had arrived in the neighborhood; and the first news that met him was that of Lilian's illness. In a frenzy of anxiety he had sought out her physician and learned all—how she had suffered, and how in her delirium she had betrayed her secret. His heart told him, he said, that when once he saw her all would be well; but first he felt it to be his duty to explain to the mother their conduct. He told her all that we already know—how innocently and naturally they had at first been thrown together, how he had dreaded going to Lilian's parents, lest, distrusting him because he could not tell them who he was, they should take from him his woodland flower. Then he told how when he came to leave her it had seemed like a harmless comfort to both to feel bound to one another, for he had expected in three months to be able to return and honorably claim her of her parents.

His story during his absence was as follows: When he reached Liverpool he learned that his father had been successful, that he was free to go home and once more hold up his head. Before he had recovered from the joy with which this filled his heart, he learned something else that made him quail with dread. His sister Clara had heard a strange story of a lady who had sailed in the Empire, being picked up from the wreck by a vessel bound for some island port, and after numerous difficulties and trials, had at last found means of returning to Europe. She was now residing in a seaport town in Portugal, whither the vessel had at last returned. From the description of the lady, from the references to her husband all were sure that she was his wife.

There was now but one course to pursue. He wrote to Lilian a heart-breaking, farewell letter, and being now absolved from his promise, enclosed his true name and address, beseeching her to send him a few words of comfort before they parted forever. Then he passed a few days with his family at home, then started for Portugal, leaving orders for all letters to be sent after him.

Arrived at his destination, he found the lady had left, so, feeling it to be his bounden duty, he had followed her from place to place, always oddly enough arriving just too late. At last, after a weary search, all the more weary as his heart was far from it, he found her in a little town in the south of France. Great was his amazement to discover that she was an entire stranger. She had known Bertha on the vessel, and had herself seen her sink to rise no more.

He never stopped to inquire who she was, but hastened to his lodgings and wrote to Lilian, entreating her to have mercy upon him, and reply at once. When he reached home, he found his father dying, the excitement of the late events, added to the agony he had endured during his son's trial and exile, had been too much for him. He had but waited to lay him in the grave, and had then once more sailed for America.

He had been agonized at not having heard from Lilian, and now that he knew the letters had never reached her, he could in no wise account for it, nor for the disappearance of the clergyman. He had not a thought to bestow upon this now though; nothing was left him but grief at his darling's sufferings, and thankfulness that the good Lord had in His mercy spared her to him.

Mrs. Walsingham silently pressed his hand, and told him she blamed neither him nor Lilian, she blamed only herself for having so neglected her duties. Then she led him to Lilian's door, and bade him go in and restore her child, for then all would be well.

He was fearfully shocked when he saw *her* sitting in the arm-chair by the window, his lovely, drooping flower, she looked so listless and deathlike. He walked up to her, but she did not heed him. He laid his hand upon her shoulder, and whispered in low, thrilling tones, "Lilian."

She looked up into his face, the old light came into her eyes, reason struggled back. "Hery! O, Hery!" she exclaimed, and burst into tears.

What need of more? why repeat the scene that followed? it is by far too sacred for prying eyes! Suffice it to say, that all was now well; everything was explained, and basking in the sunshine of her happy love, Lilian soon warmed into life. There was no difficulty in gaining Mr. and Mrs. Walsingham's consent, though the mother's heart bled at thought of parting with the daughter she had just learned to prize. Ellen, and the brother, too, came to Lilian now that she was going so far away, and begged her to forgive them for having been so often unkind to her.

The stranger clergyman was never heard from. They presumed that he had left no traces of his whereabouts because of some difficulty he was known to have gotten into in the neighborhood; his bill at the boarding-house was unpaid. How he had managed about the letters that Lilian could not hear of them at the post-office they never learned, but supposed that for reasons best known to himself, he had bought the postmaster over to keep his affairs secret, and that Lilian's letters had shared the fate of the rest.

As they had had no marriage certificate, these foolish children, their wedding in the woods was not deemed sufficient. So Lilian's nuptials with Hery, or as I should now say, Baron von Lichtenfels, was celebrated with great splendor, and after a touching farewell with her family, and many promises on the part of Hery to bring her often to visit her parents, she left for her new home in the Grand Duchy of ———.

Her parents have heard from her once since she was settled in the home of her husband's ancestors. She was well and happier than words can tell, and already dearly loved her new sisters, and they seemed to love her too, she said. She thinks there never was such a husband as Hery, so noble, so handsome, so good; his sister Minna is quite like him, as like, that is, as any one can be to Hery. When she wrote, she had just learned that her dear friend, Mrs. Pauer,—Clara—was coming home to live, and this was a delight to them all.

It was a lovely picture Lilian drew of her happy home, especially of the beautiful evenings they passed, when Minna played and Lilian sang, whilst Hery listened with joy and pride to one after the other, and each thoroughly delighted and appreciated the other, and, how Gretchen felt it a pleasure and comfort to listen also. Then the mother felt an additional pang at thought of how happy she might have made Lilian's girlhood's home; but she had not known how, and now it was too late. Still her mother's heart is glad that her child is happy. She knows, too, this happiness can be interrupted by Death alone, for Hery and Lilian seemed made for one another.

SPIRIT CHANGES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARIE K. BUTLER.

Like Ocean in its hoarse unrest—
Wild surges of the sea—
My moaning thoughts break on the shores
Of brooding Memory.

My idle hands have lost their work,
My life its sweet employ,
For precious plans lie folded up,
And buried with my boy.

And all the Earth is changed to me,
If I am sad or gay,
No shining sun can ever bring
The light of yesterday.

We sometimes pass from childhood on,
Through youth and riper years,
Nor note the changes as they come
Through varying hopes and fears:

But sometimes in our journeying,
A landmark on the way
Remains, to tell us whence we bore
An older heart away.

A little milestone it may be,
But when Life's sun is low,
It casts a shadow far across
The lengthened way we go.

So all the Earth is changed to me,
If I am sad or gay,
No rising sun can ever bring
The light of yesterday.

I know I stand on higher ground,
To view Life's earnest plan—
I see with more prophetic eyes,
The hope and toil of man.

Older and wiser, better too
My struggling soul has grown,—
Beyond Life's dark horizon line,
It wandered forth alone:

And Heaven was opened to my view,
I saw a vision blest—
A child that on my bosom grew
Slept on the Father's breast:

And echoed from the jasper walls,
A whisper came to me—
"She thought to lead *him*, but *his hands*
Shall lead *her* up to Thee."

And then the gates of pearl swung back,
And shut the glory in,
And I was standing here alone
With sorrow, earth and sin.

So all the Earth is changed to me,
My life and labor too—
Father, ordain me for Thy work,
And teach me *what* to do.

Though darkness o'er my soul has come,
I may not question why—
This is the wind and storm and fire
That now is passing by.

But when the still small Voice shall float
In calmness out to me,
My soul shall know its higher life,
And read its destiny.

MARTIAL GLORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD.

When the backbone of the great Southern rebellion finally experienced permanent fracture, a very considerable number of individuals in the length and breadth of the land, were conscious of feeling greatly relieved in mind, indeed I might say hilarious, without departing in the smallest degree from the plain, unvarnished fact, and among that number none were more profoundly rejoiced than the undersigned, Edwin Spinach, formerly of West Hoboken, in the state of New Jersey.

Before the breaking out of the unnatural war, now happily terminated in Uncle Samuel's favor, and indeed for some time thereafter, I pursued the honorable calling of market gardener. A sunny little slope, comprising five acres more or less, and commanding a fine prospect of those extensive salt marshes for which our picturesque state is so justly celebrated, constituted my little world, and there, unaffected by the rush and turmoil of the busy life around me, I planted my vegetables, and in due season reaped the harvest thereof in peace and contentment.

I was not an ambitious man. The office of Pound Master, and even that of Town Sealer, have repeatedly been within my grasp, but I had no desire for political preferment, and like Cincinnatus, I rather chose the unostentatious retirement of my farm.

I may mention, too, in order that it may be fully understood how much martial glory has cost me, that I am, let me say *was*, a married man. Two years before I had led to the hymeneal altar, Alida Jane Shermerhorn, who, as I presume you are aware, belongs to one of the oldest families in West Hoboken, and if I mistake not, honorable mention is made of more than one of her ancestors in Mr. Washington Irving's celebrated History of New York, which city, I may mention by the way, is nearly adjacent to West Hoboken.

Alida Jane was considered a charming woman, so acknowledged by every one. She was tall, five feet eight and three quarters, to be exact about it, which is two inches and three-quarters greater altitude than I have yet attained; but what, let me ask, is the trifling disparity of two inches and three-quarters in height to weigh between hearts that love? My description of Alida Jane would be imperfect did I not mention farther that she was stately, with raven hair, and a Roman nose, and her manner was sometimes, when the fiery temper of the Shermerhorns was aroused within her, emphatic.

My own disposition is retiring; and although I am a good deal freckled, and have sandy hair, termed carroty by my rivals in the gardening business, who are of course prejudiced, my mother always considered me good looking.

Two years of domestic bliss, interrupted by an occasional gust of passion on the part of my Alida Jane, which passed like the summer storm, had glided tranquilly by, when the quiet and prosperity of this enlightened land, destined ultimately to extend "from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same," received a sudden check by the inauguration of a civil war of such stupendous proportions, that it made a peaceable man like myself shudder to contemplate it. West Hoboken, and even the neighboring city of New York, were roused to arms. Citizens from every grade in society threw aside the utensils of peace for those of strife, and came pouring in, anxious to enroll themselves as volunteers, soldiers for the defence of the Republic. War meetings were held in all available places, war speeches were made by all available speakers, and patriotism for the time ran so high, that a man had to be patriotic or lose social caste.

Alida Jane became patriotic. I did also to the extent of contributing seven dollars and a half to the volunteer fund, but not to the extent of enlisting. I do not think I am wanting in physical courage, but I have an aversion to the effluvia of burning gunpowder, and the noise of fire-arms gives me a headache; consequently when Alida Jane suggested that I enroll myself with the West Hoboken Goliahs, I kindly, but firmly, declined. It occasioned a momentary estrangement between us, for on the impulse of the moment, and the Schermerhorn temper, she designated me as "a good-for-nothing little runt, with no more spirit than a goose."

It was a disrespectful remark for a wife to address to her husband, but it was contrary to my nature to cherish resentment against Alida Jane, consequently I forgave her.

But I linger over comparatively unimportant particulars. Time passed on. The war raged with varying results, and the supply of patriotism in the land become partially exhausted, it was found necessary to resort to a draft. They drafted in our county. Pale, but composed and firm, I approached the fatal wheel, at the tail end of a straggling line of humanity. My name was not drawn, and I felt easier, but before the elapse of many months, the terrible rumor reached us that there was to be another, and still more sweeping conscription, and about this time Captain Jehu Squealpigge, of the Vermont Roarers, opened a recruiting office at West Hoboken, and made my blood curdle by his account of the fearful scenes through which he had passed.

Captain Squealpigge came to board at my house. It would not have been my choice to have a military man, nearly seven feet high, with a ferocious black beard and moustache, as an inmate of my family; but Alida Jane said it was the least we could do for our country to entertain, free of charge, one of its bravest defenders. Perhaps it was, but if all the Vermont Roarers had similar appetites to Captain Squealpigge, I am not surprised that the South should be a desolate waste after they had marched through it.

There was another unpleasant circumstance connected with Captain Squealpigge's residence beneath my roof. He very soon acquired the habit of amusing himself by throwing his boots at my head, and holding me up by the ears, personalities I should certainly have resented but for his inordinate size, and the fact that he evinced from the first the most charming friendship for Alida Jane. For *her* sake I was content to bear.

"Spinach," Captain Squealpigge said to me one evening, "why the devil don't you enlist?"

"I have no predilection for a military life," I answered, "besides at the present time my onions demand my care."

"Onions!" repeated Captain Squealpigge with supreme contempt. "Perhaps you'll make that excuse go down with the Provost Marshal when you come to be drafted next week."

"Perhaps I may escape as I did before," I said argumentatively.

"Not the shadow of a chance for that, Spinach. You know about the mistake in the quota of West Hoboken."

"Upon my soul, no! What is it?"

"Why I thought everybody had heard about that; but it's just this. By some sort of a blunder at headquarters they've got this place down to furnish fifteen thousand seven hundred and eighty-two."

"It can't be possible!" I cried, in dismay. "Why, we haven't got so many men."

"Just what I told Ed Stanton when I was down to Washington last week to see about it. I went straight to the War Office and asked for the Secretary. 'Ed,' says I, 'you must correct that West Hoboken quota. It's outrageous, 'pon my word it is; and they are friends of mine up there.' 'Can't help it, Squealpigge,' says Ed. 'You know I'd do anything for you, but we must have the soldiers, and there is no time to correct quotas.' So you see, Spinach, my fine fellow, that the fifteen thousand seven hundred and eighty-two have got to come."

"But if we haven't so many, what then?"

"Then the women and children will have to go. There's no use talking—you're in for the war, and by the horn spoons! I should suppose a fellow with such a military genius as yours would a good deal sooner walk up to the rack and volunteer, and pocket his bounty like a man, than to be drafted with a lot of old woman, as you will be, see if you don't."

I was so overpowered by the suddenness and magnitude of this information that I remained silent, and Captain Squealpigge, after refreshing himself with the contents of a two quart pitcher of Jersey cider, (from my own private store,) went on.

"Besides there is the chance of your coming out a Major General. These are the times when a man gets on fast, if he has the pluck and brains, and you have them, oh, Lord! yes. Don't he look as though he had, Mrs. Spinach?" And in order that Mrs. Spinach might have every facility for answering advisedly, Captain Squealpigge playfully held me up by the ears for her inspection.

I find no pleasure in dwelling minutely upon this period in my history. Suffice it to say therefore, that yielding to the incontrovertible arguments of Captain Squealpigge, and the patriotic entreaties of Alida Jane, I at length consented to enroll myself under the banner of my country. My country recognized the sacrifice I made in her behalf, and gratuitously furnished me with a roundabout jacket, a pair of blue pantaloons, a few sizes too large, and some cow-hide shoes. She also presented me with a sum of money which Alida Jane at once appropriated. To this I offered some objection as any husband with the spirit of a man naturally would, and would have undoubtedly carried my point had not the Schermerhorn temper unfortunately for the moment got the upper hand of the wife of my bosom.

"Don't be a bigger fool than you can help, Spinach," was Alida Jane's remark. "If a woman owns anything in her own right, it's her husband. And when she gets a chance to sell him for three times as much as he is worth, she's entitled to the money, I should think. So just hand it over."

Disliking to contest so insignificant a point with a lady—and that lady my wife—I acceded to her request, after which Captain Squealpigge held me up in his favorite manner, and jocosely remarked that I looked devilish well in a uniform, and that I would do to stop a rebel bullet anyhow. He remarked farther, being in a communicative frame of mind, that I need be under no apprehension relative to my domestic affairs. He should make my house his home during my absence; and I might depend upon everything going on very nicely.

This last morsel of information I may add, did not occasion me the unalloyed felicity I have sometimes experienced. Captain Squealpigge might be, probably was an excellent man, but his appetite was tremendous, and his manner free. Still I said to myself, one should be willing to make some sacrifice on the altar of one's country; and actuated by this high sentiment I bade adieu to West Hoboken and set out for the tented field.

I will mention in this place before it escapes my memory, that Captain Squealpigge must have labored under a misapprehension in regard to our quota. No women nor children were drafted, nor were all the men. Quite a number were pursuing their ordinary avocations when we took our departure, and Corporal Gobbler of my company, assured me that West Hoboken was only called upon to furnish twenty-five. It is evident from this that either Captain Squealpigge or Corporal Gobbler cherished a gravely erroneous impression, but as it involves merely a statistical point, it is unnecessary to discuss it here.

On arriving at the seat of war, the regiment to which I was attached was very soon ordered into action. The seat of war happened to be located temporarily in an extensive swamp, and the rebels, true to their lawless propensities, persisted in concealing themselves in thickets and behind trees instead of coming to meet us in the open field, where we could have an opportunity of taking deadly aim. I did not discover the joyous excitement in battle that had been described by Captain Squealpigge. It was exciting, certainly. The indiscriminate flight of shot and shell awakened emotions that might be thus designated, but the not unnatural apprehension that some one of them might be destined to cut short my earthly career engendered a feeling of sadness.

The Union forces were successful on that terrible day, but having the misfortune to get stuck in the mud while endeavoring to retreat in good order, I was taken prisoner. I need not say I was treated with shocking inhumanity. Wretched corn-bread and miserable bacon were the only viands with which they tempted my palate, and not a drop of Jersey cider passed my lips during the dark night of my captivity.

At length roused to desperation, I resolved to attempt to escape. Eluding the vigilance of the blind negro who maintained surveillance over me, I stole away one dark, tempestuous night, and turned my face towards West Hoboken. My flight was discovered—a blood-hound was put upon my track; I heard the deep bay of the ferocious animal—I heard the patter of his fierce footsteps; and as a last resort, I clasped the trunk of a small tree and began to ascend. It was too late. With a howl of mingled rage and triumph the horrible beast reached the foot of the tree and fastened his fang-like teeth in the seat of the pantaloons given me by my country.

No pen can describe the agony of that moment. I seemed to live ten years in half as many minutes. The past, with its mistakes and follies, rose up before me—the face of Alida Jane my absent wife—the stalwart form of Captain Squealpigge—the picturesque surroundings of my Jersey home—and then deliverance came in a way I had little anticipated. The cloth of which my pantaloons were composed had been manufactured by a shoddy contractor. It yielded to the tremendous strain of my canine assailant—it gave way—I was free, and with an almost superhuman effort I placed myself beyond the reach of the bloodhound and ascended to the branches.

For six weary hours that rebel dog sat beneath me, watching me with glaring eyes, and then being hungry, as I suppose, he went home for his supper, and taking advantage of the circumstance as military men learn to do, I came down from my perch and resumed my journey.

Six months passed in wandering through a wilderness country, uncertain most of the time whether I was running into danger or leaving it behind me, and in fact having very little idea of where I was going, and then one blessed day I came in sight of West Hoboken again.

I neared my home—my cottage and garden were in sight. I advanced to the door and rang the bell, thinking to give Alida Jane a joyous surprise. Alida Jane responded to my summons, and her surprise was manifest, but, alas! not her joy.

"What do you want?" she said in a voice that indicated the presence of the Shermerhorn temper.

"My love," I said, "I have returned from the war."

"Then you had better go back to it," was Alida Jane's response, "and learn better manners than to address a respectable married woman, and the wife of an army officer as 'your love.'"

"My dear," I continued, persuasively. "I am not an officer. I am still in the ranks."

"Who ever supposed you would be anywhere else, blockhead? Not I, certainly, and when I referred to an officer I meant Captain Squealpigge."

"But, Alida Jane, my own darling, you are my wife, not Captain Squalpigge's."

"Well, you had better tell him that. Here he comes."

I turned around and came face to face with the redoubtable captain.

"What's the row here?" he asked.

"Why this Spinach has come home," Alida Jane said, "and has the impudence to claim me for his wife. Explain how things are, Jehu. I can't bear the sight of him," and Alida Jane retired into the house.

"Well, you see, it's just this way, Spinach," Captain Squealpigge proceeded. "We hadn't any sort of idea you would ever get back, and excuse me for saying it, it showed devilish bad taste in you to do so. You wasn't exactly to Alida's notion, so after you went away we took a trip to Indiana, where she got a divorce and married me, which you must admit was a good trade for her. Now take my advice, Spinach, and go back to the army. We'd like to give you a home here, but 'pon my word we can't afford it."

I felt the spirit of my ancestors rising within me.

"Captain Squealpigge," I said, decisively, "to that scandalous woman you are welcome, but this is my house and my market garden, and it is my intention to return to my former peaceful avocations. Begone! sir, ere I forget myself and chastise you."

Captain Squealpigge smiled. "I will go farther," he laughed. Not content with that, he took me by the ears in the old way and turned me round, kicked me down the steps, out of the door yard gate, and threatened to wring my neck if I ever returned.

Like the majority of Vermonters, Captain Squealpigge wears enormous boots, fourteens, I should say at a moderate estimate, and the application of his foot to my person was followed by a sensation of anguish I shall never forget.

I am now houseless and homeless, a returned veteran, with nowhere to lay my head. I no longer drop tears of sympathy over my beds of onions; beets, and carrots are among the sweet memories of the past, and if, Mr. Editor, you know of any opening for a man of talent and probity, please advise me.

I would not even object to a place under government, and may as well admit to you in confidence that I have actually taken some steps to secure the appointment for collector for the port of New York, that office being the only one vacant at this time within my knowledge, but there are at least three other applicants for the place, and I may not be successful, consequently, a foreign embassy, a first-class consulate, the situation of book-keeper in a grocery store, or porter in a hotel would be thankfully accepted by the unhappy creature of circumstances, Edwin Spinach, late of West Hoboken, N. J.

The Paris Exhibition: Universal Industries,

The commission say they hope to present to the view of Europe, Laplanders making fishing-tackle; Ural Tartars employed in the preparation and ornamentation of skins and carpets; the Kaybles of Algeria making the glazed pottery of Bjerdjera, carvings in the wood of the fig-tree, ornaments in silver and coral, and carpets of Oran and other districts; natives of Morocco weaving silk, cotton, and woollen fabrics, making fez caps, saddles and arms, and preparing shagreen; negroes of Soudan producing cotton cloth, morocco work, and pottery; the half-castes, or *Petits Blancs*, of the Isle of Bourbon, making sacks for sugar and coffee; Anatolians weaving Smyrna carpets, silks, and cloth of gold; Syrians fabricating tissues, and arms of Damascus, Aleppo, and Lebanon, mother-of-pearl work of Bethlehem, and gold work of Beyrout; Persians at work on Kurdistan carpets, silk embroidery, Kirman shawls, and silks and cottons of Yerd, enamelled tiles, and damascened arms; Indians weaving muslins, embroidering cashmeres, engraving ivory and wood, and twisting threads of gold into bracelets and other ornaments; Cambogians fabricating boxes and toys from sandal-wood; Siamese carving rhinoceros horn; and, perhaps, Chinamen carving a nest of ivory balls; Japanese painting their incomparable lacquer wares; Mexicans turning their perfumed pottery; and red-skins composing head-dresses of feathers, and bead-embroidered moccasins.

☞ A New York Dwelling-House.—Mr. Stuart's new residence, corner Fifth avenue and Thirty-fourth street, is to cost about $800,000. The marble used in its construction is contracted for at $190,000.

Gadall Gleanings.

REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ERAW.

I dew say for 't Samp Whipple's meaner 'n dirt! Who'd a b'lieved thet he'd a went an' served me sich a caper? It's tew consarned mean, I declare ter Fortin it is! Oh, deary, deary suz! what shall I dew! what shall I dew!

An' that air old, fussy, poverty-struck, abominerble widder Cole! ter think thet of all women in the world he sh'd up 'n marry *her!* He couldn't a picked out nobody under the sun thet it would a' pervoked me more fur him ter have then she. Poor! poor as poverty's cat! an' allers was poor—thet hull family—'cept thet her son Jake's a dewin' pooty well at the manoofactrin' business lately, an' thet's all cause he married my darter Sook, I spose—an' then ter think thet now't Sampson's had a fortin fall to 'im, an' all, thet *she* should be his wife, an' have the managin' o' his gret property, an' the bossin' o' him an' his hull establishment, an' be able ter live a lady, an' be waited on, an' have everything under the sun 't money can buy of she wants it! oh, it's enough ter make a saint swear! It does fairly make my blood bile in my veins! Oh, deary, deary! What shall I dew! My own true love's gone an' forsook me, an' I hain't got nobody ter love nor keer fur me now. Suzzy, suzzy me! I can't stan' it. Sook, run quick an' git me the camfire bottle. Oh, my heart's a bustin'. I'm afeard I've got a fit o' the high strikes a comin' on. Quick, Sook, run down stairs jest 'a fast 's you can, an' git me the camfire! Oh! I shall die! I shall die! Malerky, ketch me; I'm fa—a—aint—in'! I sh'll f—a—ll! oh, deary, dear!

There—set me on the sofy, an' put a piller under my head,—oh no you mustn't put a piller under my head nyther, cause ef I lay down I sh'll muss my beautiful head-dress 'n veil. Sich a love of a head-dress as it is, an' sich a veil! an' all bought for wuss 'n nothin'. An' I was a goin' ter look so splendid in 'em ter night—'fore all o' them air big-bugs tew! take care, Malerky—don't spile my waterfall. Dew fetch some water an' sprinkle in my face! didn't I tell ye 't I was a faintin? What? "It'll spile my weddin' dress ter sprinkle water on't?" Plague upon 't, so 't will, won't it. Wall, git me a fan, an' fan me then, will ye? Dew stir yerself an' show 't you've got some kind o' feelin' fur a body. It's awful ter be left so, I vum it is—everything—yes, every mortal thing got ready, all in the very fust style, an' the richest kind o' weddin' cake made, an' the folks all come in ter see 'em married, an' the bride all dressed an' waitin'—an' then no bridegroom! It makes me madder 'n vengeance! Ef Samp Whipple was here, I'd skin 'im alived with a red-hot butcher knife, I vow I would!

Malerky, where's Sook? Why haint she brung me that camfire bottle yit? Don't she keer nothin' fur me now 't her contestible old mother Cole's ben an' got my husband away frum me? I'll———ob, here you come, Sook, finerly at last! Put the bottle ter my nose, an', Malerky, you fan me, d'ye hear? Sook, how in the name o' nater come you ever ter git back agin? I might a died an' got all through with it afore you got here. What? You had ter look fur the bottle? Sary Ann was in the parlors entertainin' the comp'ny, an' the sarvants didn't know where the camfire was? Comp'ny! comp'ny! I wish the hull scrape on 'em was in Halifax! Malerky, what did you go an' invite 'em fur? All on 'em big-bugs, an' every soul on 'em knows 't it's past the hour, an' thet Simpson haint come, an' thet suthin or 'nother's tew the bottom of it all!

Sook, did you see inter the parlors when you passed the doors? Was the rooms chock full? They 'peared ter be? Did you see any on 'em a laughin', an' a titterin', an' a askin' after Sampson? What, you don't know? You didn't see nothin' more 'n a glimpse on 'em? Dear suz! wall, they 'll all on 'em know it fust or larst, an' the story 'll be all over town afore ter-morrer mornin'. Dear me! deary, suzzy, suzzy me! Oh, I wish 't I was in Guinea! I wish 't I hadn't never had no weddin'-dress, nor no weddin'-cake, nor no comp'ny invited, nor no nothin'. Why couldn't I a knowed 't Sampson was a makin' gammon on me? Why couldn't I a seed 't he didn't mean it?

Malerky, Malerky, I've thort o' suthin'! fustrate! There's Bijah Lawson. I know he'd be despert glad ter marry me of he was on'y here—you know he wanted me ter marry him right away when he popped the question tew me—an' what a consarned fool I was ter let 'im slip out o' my hands 'fore I was sure o' Sampson. But, lor! I never once thort or dreamt o' Sampson's givin' me the slip this way! I thort we'd made up all old quarrels fur good, an' thet Samp an' me was the very best o' friends. But, Malerky, Bijah 'll have me, I know he will, ef he on'y has half a chance, notwithstandin' I writ ter him thet I was otherwise engaged. 'Taint more n' about a week sence I writ it, an' I know 't I can make 'im think that I wan't on'y jokin'. Malerky, 'taint more 'n a mild frum here ter Bijah's, an' your saddle-hoss, Pike, can gallop like a streak. Ef you 'll on'y slip out, and ride over ter Bijah's and fetch him here quick 's poesserble then we 'll outwit 'em all, an' have a real weddin' spite o' fate.

What say? Bad undertakin'? Mebby Bijah won't come? An' ef he would, you couldn't git 'im here 'fore midnight? Oh, never mind what *time* you git 'im here ef he on'y comes; an' he 'll come fast enough, I'll bet anything on thet. Wall, ef you think you can't git 'im thet way, why jest harness up the kerridge, an' I'll git in an' go myself, in all the splendidness o' my weddin' rig, an' tell Bijah thet I was jokin what I writ tew 'im, an' thet I've run away frum expectin' Sampson, an' frum a house full 'o comp'ny, an' a splendid weddin', a purpose ter have him, 'cause I'd ruther have him then Sampson. An' then we'll drive right straight ter Elder Todd's—'taint more 'n a stun's throw frum Sampson's—an' have the knot tied fast so it can't be untied; an' thet once did, I'll snap my fingers in the face o' the hull o' Gadall, an' Samp Whipple an' the Widder Cole besides. I swum I won't never call 'er *Miss* Whipple, not ef I live a thousand year.

Will ye harness—what? The kerridge is all ready? It was got up ter fetch Sary Ann's cousings over frum yer Father Crimp's? So much the better. The quicker we're off the quicker the business 'll be did up. Sook, git my new bunnit an' cloak an' things, an' here, you'll have ter take off this here veil an' the flowers. I s'pose—you can leave the ribbin—but don't spile the waterfall! I wonder ef the bunnit 'll go on with the waterfall? Yes—I guess it will—what say, Sook? S'poesn Bijah won't have me? He *will* have me, let me tell ye. Didn't he ask me with his own mouth, taint four weeks ago yit? Of course he'll have me. Sook, now, you needn't try ter make any demonstrances—taint o' no mortal use. I can't make myself more ridiculous then this abomernable trick o' Sampson's has made me a'ready.

What say, Malerky? There's some reek, but you can't think o' no other way ter git out o' the darned scrape? There aint no reek at all. Be I sure 't Bijah haint took ter courtin' nobody sence I turned 'im off? Why, of course. Taint more 'n a week sence I writ, an' taint no ways likely 't he has.

What say, Sook? What's ter be did with the folks down stairs? Sary Ann can set 'em ter dancin', an' keep 'em here till we come back, an' then we'll have a real weddin, an' a surprise, an' all, an' not break up till mornin'.

Sook, help me on with this 'ere cloak—Malerky, we'll slip out softly the back way—an' then when we're once started you must drive like all persessed till we git ter Bijah's.

ORIGIN OF PHRASES.

The Etymology of Words—Remarkable old Sayings and Quaint Expressions peculiar to all Ages and Nations—Customs, and Proverbs—Origin of Music, the Stage, and the Drama—Curiosities of Literature, Biblical Statistics, &c., &c., &c.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY JAMES REES.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by James Rees, in the office of the clerk of the District Court of the United States in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

Misfortunes Never Come Single.

The original of this saying is "Misfortune seldom comes alone." It was a proverb much used at one period in France. "*Malheur ne vient jamais seul.*" When one begins to lose, one never makes an end. And "*un mal attire l'autre;*" one mischief draws on another, or, one mischief falls upon the neck of another.

Charity Begins at Home.

This sentence can be traced to the ancient Greek and Latin poets. Many similar ones occur in their writings, as "*Omines sibi melius esse malunt quam alteri.*"

Fine Feathers Make Fine Birds.

This is taken from the Italian, the original of which is, "Fair feathers make fair fowls."

Origin of the Word Grocer.

"One who buys and sells in *Gross* or greater quantities, or weights." *Richardson.*

By a petition from the commons of the city of London to the Parliament in the reign of Edward the Third, we learn the origin of the name *Grocer*. The petitioners complain that those merchants called "*grassiers,*" or "*grassers,*" had by covey, and by orders among themselves in their fraternities, *engrossed* all kinds of wares, whereby they suddenly raised the prices, and that they lay up other merchandize until times of dearth and scarcity. Ravenhill states that the word *grosser* or *grocer*, was a term at first distinguishing merchants, in opposition to small traders, "for they usually hold in *gross* quantities by great weight, destiny for the whole of any kind." The grocers seceded from a more ancient guild called the *Pepperers*, which latter fraternity was incorporated as grocers in 1845. Those grocers licensed to deal in *pepper* were obliged to have it specially inscribed over their doors.

He Has the Wrong Sow by the Ear.

This rather vulgar phrase was in use long before King Henry the Eighth's time. That monarch uses it, when Cranmer's opinion was told him, regarding the probability of a divorce from his wife, Queen Catherine, and that wily priest simply said, "Can a man marry his brother's widow?" When this was mentioned to the king, he exclaimed, in his blunt way, "That Cranmer had got the right sow by the ear." Cranmer was at once taken into the service of the king, and engaged to write a book in favor of the divorce.

Hurry up the Cakes.

This phrase, now applied to almost everything requiring quickness, and activity, originated in the cheap eating-houses of New York—cakes and coffee for sixpence necessarily drew crowds of customers, and the oft-repeated orders of the waiters, to the cook and his attendants to "hurry up the cakes," &c., soon rendered it a popular phrase.

Mint Julips

One of the most popular of modern drinks. Plinie speaks of "a drink made of thyme, with honey and vinegar, in manner of a *julep* or syrup—curing the greefe of the midriffe and precordialt parts neare unto the heart." [*Holland. Plinie b. xxi. c. 21.*]

Julep—from the Latin word *Julepus*, means water sweetened and thickened with much sugar. Milton applies it to—

"A pleasant, and, at the same time exhilerating drink."

His Head is Full of Crotchets.

Crotchet, from the French. *Peindre à la crotesque;* to paint in strange, ridiculous, rude, and inartificial manner.

An elegant metaphor Skinner says—"Derived from the art of painting; for absurd fancies or ideas are very similar to absurd and foolish forms of things.

"——Any whims and crotchets lead
To certain loss, and ne'er succeed."

'Tis but a Flea-bite.

"Any trifling wound or pain, anything minute or trifling." *Richardson.*

"You have heard a whole court role of ribaudrie, and yet all these are but *flea-bitings* in respect and comparison of that, which I shall now shew you." *Wilson.*

India Rubber Conscience.

Many suppose the origin of this saying to be coeval with that of the discovery of the use of India rubber.

Such is not the fact—it is merely changing the name of "Cheverl conscience," for that of India rubber.

The former was used to express the same meaning in Shakspeare's time.

"Cheverel," s. Fr. *Chèvre, capra;* Fr. chevreaux. Italian, *ciaverello.* Latin, *capreolus.*

"Thy Cheverel conscience, i. e. stretching, pliant, like kid leather. Chevron, French, means kid, from *Chèvre, capra.*

[*See Richardson.*]

"He had a tongue for every language fit.
A cheverel conscience, and a Searching wit.
Drayton. The Owl.

Michael Drayton, a poet, and popular writer who flourished in the early part of the 17th century, but whose writings had already been favorably received at the close of 16th.

"And the less arte, the better; besides, when it shall be in the power of thy *Cheverel* conscience, to doe right, or wrong at thy pleasure, my pretty Alcibiades."

B. Jonson. Poetaster, Act 1, Sc. 11.

—— And which guilts
[Saving your mincing] the capacity
Of your soft *Cheverell* conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it."

Shakspeare. Henry VIII., Act. 2, Sc. 3.

Clean Hands

Denotes innocence, and a blameless, holy life.

"He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully." *Ps. xxiv. v. 4.*

A slack hand denotes idleness, careless, sloth, &c.

Hands Off.

A vulgar phrase, for keep off, forbear.

White Washed Ones.

This very expression, used by political writers and orators, to denote a requisite change in a man's principles and conduct, is evidently taken from the Scriptures:

"Thou whiten'd wall."
Acts xxiii., v. 3.

"Make clean the outside."
Matthew xxiii., v. 25.

"Unto whiten'd sepulchres."
Ibid, v. 27.

The literal translation from the Greek of the passage in Acts, is

"Which have been white-washed."

These Jews used to whiten the sepulchres with lime, or other materials of that kind. In those days, as well as in modern times, those who could afford it, adorned and beautified the tombs of their deceased friends, by "white-washing them," or placing flowers and wreaths around and about them.

It is also used in the Scriptured "whiten'd wall," as meaning a hypocrite, who might be compared to a wall formed of the meanest materials, but "*whited over,*" and made to have a fair outside.

"Even so ye also outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity." *Matthew xxiii., v. 28.*

Chemistry.

"Tubal-Cain, who found out the art of working in brass, must have been an able chemist; for it is impossible to work on this metal without first knowing how to refine it."

The primitive meaning and origin of the word chemistry are not known. Some conjecture it to have been derived from the name of one of the first professors of this interesting science, Cham, an eminent Egyptian. The word, we find from Soidas, was used by the Greeks very soon after the death of our Saviour.

The physicians who were ordered to embalm the body of the Patriarch Jacob, were skilled in medicinal chemistry. Cleopatra proved to the royal Anthony her knowledge of the science by dissolving a pearl in his presence.

We are informed by Pliny, that Calus, the Emperor, extracted gold from orpiment.

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THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market is dull. 4000 bbls have been disposed of at $8,75@9 ₩ bbl for North-Western extra family, and $9@9,50 for Pennsylvania and Ohio do; and 100 bbls fancy at $11,50. About 300 bbls Rye Flour were sold at $5,50.

GRAIN—There has been but little demand for Wheat. Sales of 12,000 bus fair and prime red at $2@2,25; inferior do at $1,60@1,80, and small lots of white at $2,40@3. About 2000 bus Rye sold at 90c for Southern and 97c@$1 for Pennsylvania. Corn—26,000 bus yellow sold at 73@75c. Oats—10,000 bus Pennsylvania and Delaware sold at 50c.

PROVISIONS—The market continues firm. Mess Pork is held at $30@31 ₩ bbl. In salt Shoulders and pickled Hams nothing doing to alter quotations. Dressed Hogs sold at $12,50. Lard; sales 600 tcs at 12¼@13¼c, and kegs at 20c. Butter; sales solid packed at 27@32c, and roll at 30@40c. Cheese—Small sales New York at 18@19c. Eggs sell at 33@35c.

COTTON—640 bales middlings sold at 49@50c.

BARK—Sales of 30 hhds No 1 Quercitron are reported at $32,50 ₩ ton, and 20 hhds coarse at $30.

BEESWAX is dull at 46@47c for yellow.

COAL is dull. The cargo rates at Richmond are $7,50@8,25 ₩ ton, free on board.

COFFEE—Sales of 3500 bags Rio at 20¼c, gold, and 26@29¼c, currency, and 2000 bags Laguayra at 22@25¼c.

FEATHERS—We quote choice at 72@80c.

FRUIT—Green Apples are steady at $3@5,50 ₩ bbl; dried do are worth from 6¼ to 9¼c for old, and 11@14c for new. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters and halves at 14@20c ₩ ℔. Cranberries sell from $9 to $14 ₩ bbl.

HOPS—New eastern and western may be quoted at 60@70c, and old at 30@44c.

IRON—Pig Metal is quiet. Anthracite is held at $30@32 ₩ ton for Nos. 1 and 2.

RICE—We quote Rangoon at 9¼@9¾c., and Carolina, at 12@13c.

SEEDS—About 4000 bus Cloverseed sold at $7,50@8,12½ ₩ 64 ℔s. Timothy—a small sale at $3,87½. Flaxseed sells at $3,10@3,15.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum sells in a small way at $2,45@2,50. Whiskey—Sales of Pennsylvania at $2,25@2,27, Ohio at $2,27@2,28, and refined at $2,24½.

SUGAR—Sales of 200 hhds Cuba at 11¾@13¾c, and 600 boxes Havana brown and white at 11¾@15¾c.

TALLOW is unchanged; country sells at 12¾c, and 30,000 ℔s city at 12¾@13c.

WOOL—The market has been quiet. Among the sales, which reach 200,000 ℔s, we notice choice fleece at 75@80c; fine, 68@78c; ¼ and full blood, 70@74c; ¼ and ⅜ blood, 70@74c; ⅜ blood, 65; ½ and ⅝ blood, 65@68c; ½ and ⅝ blood, 62; ⅝ blood, 6 c; medium Ohio fleece, 64@66c; Indiana washed fleece, 65; merino pulled, 64@66c; common, 52@55c, and No 1 pulled, 51c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2300 head. The prices realized from 16@17 cts ₩ ℔. 150 Cows brought from $40 to 80 ₩ head. Sheep—2000 head were disposed of at from 6¾@7¾c ₩ ℔. 2000 Hogs sold at from $13,00@14,50 ₩ 100 ℔s.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The January number of this beautiful magazine is a magnificent one. The leading steel engraving, "The Forest Gleaner," is a perfect gem of beauty. We do not know where the publishers of the Lady's Friend get such beautiful designs for their engravings. Then we have a gorgeous colored plate, "The Hand Banner Screen in Chenille on Velvet," which the ladies say is magnificent. The large double colored Steel Fashion Plate is as usual superb—we had almost said unequalled. Another engraving, called "Stephen Wharton's Will," which illustrates a fine story, is very suggestive. Then we have a beautiful plate of Children Skating, intended to illustrate the winter styles of children's clothing; with numerous other plates illustrating Hair Nets, Winter Dresses, Borders for Jackets, various new styles of Bonnets, Winter Casaques, Paletots, Jackets, Embroidery, Chemises, Night Dress, Ancient Head-Dresses, Patchwork, &c., &c.

The literary matter is excellent. Among the articles, we note "Stephen Wharton's Will," "Mrs. Trunk," by Frances Lee; "Paul's Story, or French Lessons;" "Clarice," by August Bell; "The Two Nightingales," "Stories of our Village," by Beatrice Colonna; "In Illness," by Florence Percy; "Rachel Dana's Legacy," by H. A. Heydon; "Arthur's Wife," "Loving Mary," Editor's Department, The Fashions, Household Receipts, &c. The following is the list of

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY:

STEEL PLATE—THE FOREST GLEANER.
COLORED FASHION PLATE.
HAND BANNER SCREEN IN CHENILLE ON VELVET.
ILLUSTRATIONS:
Stephen Wharton's Will—Children's Winter Coats—Net, with Grelot's of Wax Beads—Border for a Jacket, Burnous, &c.—Winter Dress for a Little Girl—Handkerchief Vignette.
MUSIC—Ferguson's Polka.
STEPHEN WHARTON'S WILL.
CHILDHOOD. By Sybil Park.
"PEACE." By Emilie Lester Leigh.
MRS. TRUNK. By Frances Lee.
MY PILLOW AND I. By Marcia Hope.
SUMMER RAIN. By S. Fillmore Bennett.
"A WOMAN'S SACRIFICE." By Leslie Walter.
SONG. By Beatrice Colonna.
PAUL'S STORY; OR, FRENCH LESSONS. By Tracy Towne.
CLARICE. By August Bell.
THE TWO NIGHTINGALES. By Aubra Forrestier.
PRAYER. By Edwin R. Martin.
THE INSPIRATION OF WINTER.
STORIES OF OUR VILLAGE. By Beatrice Colonna.
IN ILLNESS. By Florence Percy.
LINES. By Ida Mason.
RACHEL DANA'S LEGACY. By H. A. Heydon.
TWILIGHT MUSINGS. By Aunt Alice.
LOVING MARY. By Jennie Temple.
ARTHUR'S WIFE.
NOVELTIES FOR JANUARY. With Illustrations.
EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.
New Publications.
Miscellaneous Receipts.
Fashions—Description of Colored Fashion Plate.

Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 3 copies (and one *gratis*) $6. *Now is the time to get up clubs for* 1866. The Prospectus of this magazine for next year embodies a splendid list of contributors. The publishers give WHEELER & WILSON'S celebrated $55 Sewing Machines on the following terms:

Twenty copies and the Sewing Machine, $70
Thirty copies and the Sewing Machine, $85
Forty copies and the Sewing Machine, $100

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THE INTRODUCTION OF
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To the suffering humanity of this age, has relieved more pain and caused more real joy than any other one thing that can be named.
IT IS A
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OUR FIRST PHYSICIANS USE, AND RECOMMEND ITS USE.

The Apothecary finds it first among the medicines called for, and the Wholesale Druggist considers it a leading article of his trade. All the dealers in medicine speak alike in its favor; and its reputation as a medicine of great merit and virtue is fully and permanently established.

A few extracts will show the character of nearly every letter we receive.

A. N. Williams, Parkersburg, Va., one of the oldest and most respectable and reliable Druggists of Western Virginia, writes:

"I can say of Perry Davis' Pain Killer, what I could not say of many of the medicines of the day. In my trade it is a leading article. I sell largely of it, and it gives entire satisfaction to all. I would on no account be without it."

John Parkins, Druggist, at Athens, Ohio, writes:

"I sell considerable of Davis' Pain Killer in this place, and it is well liked and highly commended by all who use it."

Geo. Williams, Druggist, at Hockingport, Ohio, writes:

"Perry Davis' Pain Killer is quite generally used by the inhabitants of our town, and is much extolled. I think it the best medicine I have for the use for which it is recommended."

GOOD FOR MAN OR BEAST.

Walter Curtis, Esq., an old and very reliable farmer, residing on his farm near Chester, O., writes:

"Your Pain Killer for Colic or Bots in Horses, is an infallible cure. And for all Cramp, Pain, Colic, Burns, &c., we find it, in our house, a never-failing Balm." jan27-2t

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.—"Messengers of Joy." *Disorders of the Kidneys, stone and gravel.* In all diseases affecting these organs, whether they secrete too much or too little water, or afflicted with stone or gravel, with aches and pains settled in the loins over the regions of the kidneys, more benefit may be derived in twenty-four hours by the use of these medicines than would be in six months by any other treatment. In bad cases if a small pot of the Ointment be rubbed on the small of the back over the kidneys it will quickly penetrate and give instant relief; but perseverance is necessary to effect a cure. Six or eight pills should be taken nightly according to circumstances. A trial of these remedies will be attended with satisfactory results. Sold by all Druggists.

Beauty.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1.18. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar1-1y

Copper Tips protect the toes of children's shoes. One pair will outwear three without tips. Sold everywhere. Jan6-17t

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MAKE IT GROW ON BALD HEADS, &c., USE

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"London"		"Hair Color	Restorer."
"London"	Hair	"Hair Color	not Restorer."
"London"		"Hair Color	Restorer."
"London"	Changed	"Hair Color	Stain Restorer."
"London"		"Hair Color	Restorer."
"London"	without	"Hair Color	or soil Restorer."
"London"		"Hair Color	Any- Restorer."
"London"	Dyeing.	"Hair Color	thing. Restorer."

Apart from its coloring qualities, it is a delightful dressing, perfectly cleanly and fragrantly perfumed; does not stain the skin a particle, or soil the finest cambric. Irritation, Scurf, Dandruff or Itching Scalp it cures effectually.

Only 75 cents a bottle; six bottles $4. Sold at Dr. SWAYNE'S, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, and all leading Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.
dec8-eowtf

WORTHY THE ATTENTION OF BOTH MALES AND FEMALES, who are in want of business. The well-known House of S. M. Ward & Co., Manufacturing Jewellers, 208 Broadway, N. Y., wish to establish an AGENCY in every town in the U. S., and in order that the Agent can have a sample to exhibit to their customers, they will send as a sample, on the receipt of $2 50, a genuine Gold Pen (warranted) with Silver Extension Case and Pencil, together with a Wholesale Circular to Agents, and eleven certificates, or a Sample Certificate for 25 cts.

There is no Agent but what can make easily $3 a day, and often $10. feb3-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d of Jan., in West Chester, at the Church of the Holy Trinity, by the Rev. Richard Newton, LEWIS W. SHARPE, of Philada., to ADA A., daughter of the Hon. John Hickman, of West Chester, Pa.

On the 21st of Jan., by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. CONRAD P. CANN to Miss MARTHA W. SIMPSON, both of this city.

On the 18th of Jan., by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. EDWARD NEAL to Miss MARY A. LINERIPT, both of this city.

On the 14th of Jan., by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. JOHN FOULKROD to Miss ELMIRA HOFFMAN, both of this city.

On the 4th of Oct., by the Rev. J. F. Chaplain, Mr. JAMES MAYBERRY to Miss MARY SIMPSON, both of this city.

On the 13th of Jan., by the Rev. John A. McKean, Mr. C. C. YEARLY, of Frederick, Md., to Miss SALLIE A. VOOT, of this city.

On the 3d of Jan., 1866, by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. GEORGE S. CONVERSE to Miss JANE E. SMITH, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d of Jan., OSWALD THOMPSON.

On the 24th of Jan., WILLIAM RICHARDSON, in his 73d year.

On the 3d-day, 23d of Jan., ROBERT PEARSALL, in his 66th year.

On the 22d of Jan., ALEXANDER WILSON, M. D., in his 55th year.

On the 23d of Jan., Capt. WILLIAM SHANKLAN, in his 73d year.

On the 22d of Jan., Mrs. SUSAN ALEXANDER, in her 74th year.

On the 21st of Jan., ARCHIBALD D. NORRIS, aged 56 years.

On the 21st of Jan., Mrs. MARGARET GREENWOOD, in her 53d year.

On the 20th of Jan., WILLIAM H. STEWART, in his 22d year.

On the 20th of Jan., Miss ELIZABETH POTTS, aged 37 years.

On the 20th of Jan., MARTHA MOORE, in her 37th year.

S—T—1860—X.

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.
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They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
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They cure Diarrhea, Cholera and Cholera Morbus.
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They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles.

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From the time of the ancient Patriarchs, the article of Wine has always been used either as an article of diet or medicine, and the Scriptures never discountenanced its use where it was not used in excess. Wine has been produced, not only from grapes, but also from other varieties of the vegetable kingdom. Thus much as an introductory to the subject. Wine, both Sparkling and Still, has been produced by Mr. Jos. L. Deacon from the esculent Victoria Rhubarb or Pie Plant, of most exquisite flavor, and will vie with a like production, whether of Grape or other berries. It not only is pleasant to the taste but in a sanitary point of view, imparts its life-giving effects to the aged, infirm, or to any one whose system has been prostrated by disease, and I therefore freely endorse all that has been said of its virtues.

PETER V. COPPUCK,
Mount Holly, N. J. Druggist.

I have prescribed Mr. Joseph H. Deacon's wine, (made from the Victoria Rhubarb,) in cases of convalescence from sickness, and pronounce it, in moderate quantities, really a pleasant and efficient medicine. ZACH. READ, M. D.,
Mount Holly, N. J.

We have used the above wine and have found it to be agreeable to the taste and believe it to be healthful in its influence. It is a much better wine, and far cheaper than many other kinds in common use.

Geo. C. Brown,	Alfred L. Black,
Joseph Carr, Jr.,	W. M. Polhemus,
Samuel A. Dobbins,	J. C. Townsend,
M. S. Pancoast,	Wm. B Endicott,
C. A. Woodward,	Wm. R. Hutchinson,
Edward H. Burling,	John F. Smith,
Charles L. Branson,	Wm. H. Pancoast,
Elsworth Holeman,	John L. N. Stratton,
J. C. Ten Eyck,	John B. Stockton,
Frederick Voorhees,	John B. Love,
J. B. Hankinson,	John S. Ridgway.

From trial, we believe the above named wine to be harmless and highly beneficial in a medicinal point of view.

Rev. DeWitt C. Sylleaby,	Benj. H. Stratton, M. D.,
Allen F. Powell,	Jeremiah H. Deacon,
L. D. Prickitt,	John B. Collins.

Mount Holly, N. J.

I have bought, drank and sold, Wine made by Joseph H. Deacon, from the Victoria Rhubarb, and I consider it as good and wholesome a beverage as I ever drank, or as good as can be made.
Mount Holly, N. J. GEORGE OGBURN.

I have sold and used in my family for the last two years, Wine made by Jos. H. Deacon, from his Victoria Plant, and have found it highly beneficial in a medicinal point of view—also an agreeable and pleasant wine for table use. JAMES C. CLARK.
Mount Holly, N. J.

Mr. Joseph H. Deacon—Sir: I have been effectually cured of chronic dysentery, by your wine, made from your Victoria. MICHAEL WOOLSTON.

Deacon's American Champagne has been tried by Mr. Berry, Sixth and Sansom streets, Philadelphia, and others, and it is said to be equal to Heidsieck Wine.

I have taken the premium over all competitors for three successive years at our Agricultural Exhibition for a Still Wine, and at the last Exhibition a special premium for a Sparkling, or what is called American Champagne Wine, made from the Victoria Rhubarb. The juice of the stalk, the very part that makes the Wine, mixed with sugar and boiled slightly and left to cool, has made the best jelly ever tasted—and to boil longer, will make secrets or candy of excellent quality or flavor, and particularly beneficial to persons a little short in breathing, with a husky cough, bordering on consumption.

The wine cures alarming cases of Dysentery, Diarrhœa and Dyspepsia, and is a good Tonic and Diuretic. Is an excellent, wholesome summer drink, not like some, in a few minutes dryer than before you drank; it not only quenches thirst, but gives an appetite for food.

The Victoria Rhubarb has done and will do all we claim for it.

The Still Wine can be bought of the subscriber, and the Sparkling or American Champagne can be bought of Sheldrake & Brendy, 1835 South street, Philadelphia.

Persons living near large cities, by manufacturing this medicinal, pleasant and wholesome Wine, and delicious jellies and candies, and sell them, will not only be benefactors, but make all the money they want, by so doing.

Every family that has land enough to grow roots, ought to have some of the invaluable Victoria Rhubarb roots, because, very soon, they would pay double the cost, and they can be purchased in large or small numbers, of the subscriber. For particulars Address JOSEPH H. DEACON,
Lumberton, Burlington County, N. J.
feb3-2teow

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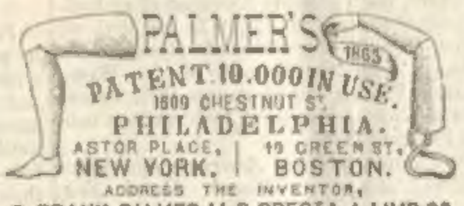

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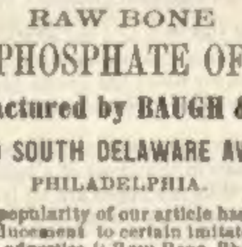
We have been obliged to give this protection to our customers, in consequence of several parties having unlawfully used our distinctive name, viz: "Raw Bone," in offering their article to the public. This Trade Mark is adopted in addition to the title "Raw Bone," which is our exclusive property, and we caution all manufacturers from using it in future. We would state to the trade and consumers, that they will find it to their interest to see that the "Trade Mark" is upon every bag and barrel they purchase, as none other is genuine. BAUGH & SONS.



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We are now ready to supply it in large quantities—having made recent additions and improvements. Vessels drawing 16 feet of water can load directly from the wharves of the works, which are located at the foot of Morris Street, Delaware River. We call the attention of DEALERS to this great advantage.

The present indications are that we shall have a greatly increased demand over last spring and fall seasons, and we advise Farmers to send in their orders to their respective Dealers at an early day, that all may be supplied promptly.

Soliciting your continued orders, we remain, yours very truly, BAUGH & SONS,
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HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
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These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements,* at the following schedule of prices:—

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Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

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Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

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Also, Hintz; Fischer; and Kraushaar & Co.'s finetoned and brilliant Pianos.

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G. M. This is to certify, that a GOLD MEDAL was awarded the AMERICAN BELL COMPANY for STEEL COMPOSITION AND BRONZE METAL BELLS, with Harrison's Rotating Hanging apparatus.

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Secretary Board of Managers.
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FIRST PREMIUM
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Patented May 13th, 1862, improvement patented June 9th, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, a most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed Novelty; is NOISELESS in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, sews with DOUBLE OR SINGLE THREAD. Makes the Running Stitch *more perfect* and *regular,* than by hand and with extraordinary rapidity. Will *Gather, Hem, Ruffle, Skirr, Tuck, Run up Breadths, &c., &c.;* requires no *Lubrication or Change of Stitch*—IS NOT LIABLE TO GET OUT OF ORDER, and will last a LIFETIME.

"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable, for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

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"With single or double thread, it silently, yet very rapidly, with a common needle, makes the running stitch exactly like hand sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box with printed instructions on receipt of the price, $5. Agents wanted everywhere. Circular containing Liberal Inducements sent Free.

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EUROPEAN POCKET
TIMEKEEPER.
ONE DOLLAR EACH.
PATENT APPLIED FOR JUNE 20, 1865.

AN EXACT and RELIABLE POCKET TIMEKEEPER for Ladies or Gentlemen. A decidedly unique and *wonderful novelty.* Correctly constructed on the most approved SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES, and *warranted* to DENOTE SOLAR TIME, with *absolute certainty* and the utmost precision. More truthful than the most costly and elaborate Time-keeper of modern manufacture. It never can be wrong. "*It requires no key,*" or winding up. Never runs down; and can never *be too fast or too slow.* Correct in all climates. It is a most remarkable article. Introduced into this country from Europe, where it is also legally protected by "*Royal Letters Patent.*" Price for a single one, with plain or fancy White Dials, in Gold or Silver-Gilt Cases, only $1. Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on receipt of price. Safe delivery guaranteed. All orders must be addressed to J. W. DELAMERE & CO., SOLE PROPRIETORS,
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Commencing Thursday, Aug. 24th, 1865, from foot of Market street, upper ferry.

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For Millville and Vineland, 8:30 A. M., Mail, and 3:30 P. M., Passenger.

For Bridgeton, Salem, &c., at 9:15 A. M., Mail, 4 P. M.

For Glassboro', &c., 8:30 and 9:15 A. M., 3:30, 4 P. M.

For Woodbury, &c., 9:15 A. M., 2:30, 4 and 6:30 P. M.

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Cape May at 8 A. M., Mail; 5 P. M., Passenger.

Millville at 6:30 and 10:00 A. M.; 6:58 P. M.

Bridgeton at 6:40 A. M., Mail; 4:30 P. M., Passenger.

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Woodbury at 7:05, 8:13 and 11:30 A. M.; 6:54 and 8:28 P. M., Passenger.

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Will attend to all the usual branches of express business, receive, deliver and forward through other responsible express companies, to all parts of the country, any article entrusted to them.

A special messenger accompanies each through train.

Philadelphia, Aug. 25, 1865. sep16-tf

WIT AND HUMOR.

Tying a Knot.

A young fellow was taking a sleigh-ride with a pretty girl, when he met a Methodist minister who was somewhat celebrated for tying the matrimonial knot at short notice. He stopped him, and asked hurriedly,

"Can you tie a knot for me?"

"Yes," said Brother B———, "I guess so; when do you want it done?"

"Well, right away," was the reply; "is it lawful, though, here in the highway?"

"Oh, yes; this is as good a place as any—as safe as the church itself."

"Well, then, I want a knot tied in my horse's tail, to keep it out of the snow!" shouted the wicked wag, as he drove rapidly away, fearing lest the minister, in his profane wrath, should fall from grace.

Cunning Savage.—The desire of gain will sometimes inspire with dishonest cunning an illiterate savage. After a successful attack on the royal party, in 1745, a Highlander had gained a watch as his share of the spoils of the vanquished. Unacquainted with its use, he listened with equal surprise and pleasure to the ticking sound with which his new acquaintance amused him; after a few hours, however, the watch ran down, the noise ceased, and the dispirited owner, looking on the toy no longer with any satisfaction, determined to conceal the misfortune which had befallen it, and to dispose of it to the first person who offered him a trifle in exchange. He soon met with a customer; but at parting, he could not conceal his triumph, and exultingly exclaimed, "Why, she died last night!"

Getting Rid of a Guinea.—A gentleman on his travels called his servant to the side of the post-chaise. "Tom," says he, "here's a guinea which is *too light*, and I can get nobody to take it; do you, and part with it, somehow or other, on the road." "Yes, sir," says the footman, "I will endeavor." When they came to their inn at night, the gentleman called to his servant to know if he had passed off the guinea. "Yes, sir," says the man, "I did it slily." "Ay, Tom," says his master, "I fancy thou art a sly sort of a fellow; but tell me how?" "Why, sir," says the footman, "the people refused it at breakfast, and so they did when your honor dined; but as I had a groat to pay at the turnpike, I whipped him between the halfpence, and the man put it into his pocket, and *never saw it*."

Conjugal Affection.—The wife of a small farmer in Aberdeenshire, having been long confined to bed before the time when her last moment approached, the husband, who was of a very niggardly disposition, at length grudged to let her have so much as a light by the side of her bed. One night, while in this condition, she exclaimed, "Oh, isna this an unco thing, that a puir body can get nae licht to see to die in!" The husband instantly rose up, lighted a candle, and, bringing it forward, hastily, to the bottom of the bed said, "There, die now!"

No Expectation.—"John," said a traveller to a farmer's boy, who was hoeing in the field, "your corn is very small." "Yes, we planted a small kind." "But it looks dwarfish and yellow." "Yes, we planted the yellow sort." "I mean, you will not have half a crop—do you understand me?" "Oh, yes, I understand; we don't expect to, for we planted on the shares."

A Loan.—A comedian lent a brother actor two shillings, and when he made a demand for the sum, the debtor turned peevishly from him, and said, "Hang it! I'll pay you to-day in some shape or other." Peterson good-humoredly replied, "I shall be much obliged to you, Tom, to let it be as much like two shillings as you can."

Down Hill.—A gentleman lying on his death-bed, called his coachman, who had been an old servant, and said: "Ah, Tom, I am going a long and rugged journey, worse than ever you drove me." "Oh, dear sir," replied the fellow, (he having been an indifferent master,) "never let that discourage you, for it is all *down hill*."

Gingerbread and "Armmuns."—Reuben: "Mayn't I see you hum from meetin', Eunice?" Eunice: "No, you shan't do no such thing. I'm otherwise engaged." Reuben: "Wa'al, I kinder guess you've missed it once. I've got my pockets chuck full o' gingerbread and armmuns." Eunice: "You may take my arm, Reuben."

Premature Addition.—A wag, speaking of the cruel treatment of a child by its mother, says, "The child certainly should have the careful attention of some one, or it will be prematurely added to the kingdom of heaven, and thus, perhaps, permanently separated from its kindred."

Her Carriage.—"Don't you admire that lady's carriage?" said young Tasty, to his friend Tinhunter, pointing to a lady with the gait of a Juno. "My dear fellah," was the reply, "if she could afford to *keep* her carriage, I wouldn't object to marrying her!" The puppy.

A correspondent of the Lewiston Journal says that among the large families in the town of Waldborough, are the following names:—Head, Foote, Hyde, Horn, Sides, Hough, Horne, Heart, Bowles, Haslet. And last, a Prussian came in named Onbehind!

During the war, an excited orator on the stump said that the women of the country could *churn out* the public debt in a few years. Judging from the price of butter, they have commenced upon the business already.

High Family.—A person was boasting that he was sprung from a *high* family in Ireland. "Yes," said a bystander, "I have seen some of the same family *so high that their feet could not touch the ground*."

Mrs. Partington says that the coal-porters may say what they like about religious tracks, but she thinks, in her opinion, that there's no tracks so suggestive of solemn thoughts as the railroad tracks.

His First Act.—A young candidate for the legal profession was asked what he should do first when employed to bring an action. "Ask for money on account," was the prompt reply. He passed.

What to Expect at a Hotel.—Inn-attention.

COOL, RATHER.

First Swell.—"Why, what on earth, Fred, could have induced you to be out a day like this in that dress, without an umbrella?"

Second Swell.—"You see, fact is, it's such a doosid long time since we've had any wain, that it's quite a new sensation, and I'm enjoying it."

GOOD-BYE.

Never again shall I sit in the gloaming,
Hushing and stilling the beat of my heart,
For the quick tread that announces thy coming,
Never again the swift blushes will start.

When mid the darkness that surges around me,
Vainly I look for the promise of light,
How shall I long for the love that once crowned me,
Ere on my soul fell the blackness of night.

Turn where I will, there are pleasure and gladness,
Music's soft flow, and joys almost divine,
Radiant eyes that seem mocking my sadness,
Over the flow of their amber-hued wine.

Beautiful forms are whirled by in the dances,
Faces that flash on me out of a dream!
Shine, ye bright jewels, and yet brighter glances,
Melt my cold heart with your glittering beams!

Coldly I roam mid the glow and the glitter,
Careless of splendors that weary me so,
Feeling, alas! that my heart has grown bitter
Under its burden of sorrow and woe.

Still I must stifle my moans and my sighing,
Deck my wan face in the ghost of a smile,
Chatter and sing while my hopes are all lying
Dead in the depths of my bosom the while.

Little they think when my laugh rings the lightest,
Of the torn heart that is beating below;
Or, when the rose on my cheek burns the brightest,
Little they dream 'tis despair feeds the glow.

Never again shall I wander beside thee
Through the loved scenes where bright memories dwell:
Blessings attend thee, whatever betide thee,
'Tis my heart's prayer as I murmur—farewell.

M. W. T.

When Jamie H——— was a very little boy, his parents lived in a wild part of a Western state. One evening his mother was leading him along a wild path through the woods, going home from visiting a distant neighbor. A storm was coming up, the wood was growing dark, and Jamie was in mortal fear of thunder, lightning and bears. He clung to his mother, cried, and at length began to pray. "O, Lord, save us this time," he said, "and I'll be a good boy always. Do save us, do!" He continued thus in prayer till they emerged from the woods and came in sight of their house. Then he ceased his supplications, gave a sigh of relief, and exclaimed, "There, now I can take care of *myself*!"

It is funny to see a young lady with both hands in soft dough, and a mosquito on the end of her nose.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Advantages of Local Agricultural Journals.

Slack time of year with us just now—not us in all the highways of city and town enterprise and industry—at the Post office, in Congress and all State Legislatures. Pretty busy times at all those points during the dominion of John Frost, Esq. But with us out-door agricultural delvers in the soil, there is just now leisure hours in which to lay plans for the spring campaign, and discuss questions, abstract, and sometimes abstruse, which we shall have no time for when the seasons for ploughing and planting, and haying and harvesting come upon us again.

Let us invest, say ten minutes, and half as many paragraphs, in an argument in favor of the necessities of local agricultural papers, and the necessity that such journals are to an agricultural country so wide, long, deep, and diversified in soil, climate, and fixed, unalterable conditions as our own.

The necessities of a good, standard, reliable local agricultural journal are simply the confidence of the *whole* local community, taking so wide a range of territory as it can grasp consistently and supply the wants of. Then the only other necessity is a prompt, generous, cordial support, both in subscription and advertising. Let us bear in mind that a poorly fed pig will never fill our barrel with fat pork, or a starved cow supply a brimming bucket of milk. Let us support the *press* generously wherever it merits support, and there is no possible question about our getting our money's worth in return, with compound interest.

The necessity of community so far as local agricultural journals are concerned is just this: The editor of a local paper living among, and being one of us, having always his eyes and ears wide open, and being supplied, as he may be at all times, with sensible, plain, and to-the-purpose local communications, must needs be better educated in regard to our soil, climate, manners, customs, and requisites of cropping and culture than any far-off journal can possibly be, though published with all the energy, and conducted with all the editorial ability that ever was expended on any publication in existence.

Whenever we find an agricultural journal, no matter where it comes from, or by whom published, putting forth claims to be a universal *vade mecum*, just as the vendor of a quack nostrum claims pre-eminence for his pills or potions as an infallible cure—everything—don't let us believe any such thing. It is a moral impossibility for any one agricultural journal to supply the necessities of all localities. No paper of that class published in Philadelphia, could be of any paying advantage to the twenty thousand and twenty farmers of the great state of Maine. The Maine Farmer is *the* journal for that locality, and can best supply the wants of the twenty thousand and odd Maine farmers, every one of whom ought to take, and would be largely benefitted by a *good* agricultural paper. The rule holds good with New England at large, westward, and northward, and southward from the Bay of Piscataqua. There, the legitimate dominion of agricultural journalism is and ought to be that of the *New England Farmer* and *Massachusetts Ploughman*. For the farmers of the West, the Prairie Farmer, knowing best their necessities, is in all its agricultural features best calculated to supply them.

In the Empire state, the *American Agriculturist*, *Rural American*, *Moore's Rural New Yorker*, and the *Working Farmer*, all have broad fields of usefulness at home, besides reaching out their long arms and doing infinite good to agriculturists in many thousands of instances at distances very far-remote from home in all directions.

As for the Country Gentleman, it is in several respects an exception to our agricultural journals as a class. Wherever it goes it is always a gentlemanly and welcome *Country Gentleman*, having this happy peculiarity, that wherever it most frequents, instead of interfering in the least with the circulation and reading of literary and miscellaneous journals, it invariably begets a wholesome appetite for a wider range of reading, and is thereby the quiet, gentlemanly benefactor and friend of many another journal of general literature.

Let us all, everywhere, put on the manners of country gentlemen. Why not a gentleman *farmer*, as well as doctor, divine or diddler in society? There is not five in fifty farmers in our whole rural population but would be benefitted to three times the amount of cost, in the way of information and education for himself, his wife, sons and daughters, by patronizing, *paying for*, and reading carefully the nearest and best agricultural journal, some monthly Lady's Friend of the family, and at least one good, standard literary paper. Let us widen our area of reading, and thereby enlarge our understanding.

Something New Under the Sun.

The positive declaration of the wise old preacher king—"There is no new thing under the sun," was all very well and probably correct enough in his time. But it would not hold good ten days in ours and in these United States. Something new comes out from the inventive brain of American genius, taking us by surprise, and striking a straightforward, vigorous blow at the slow coach time of last year, last month or week on an average oftener than once in ten days.

As long ago as when we were a beardless boy we said one day, "Oh, if some one will only simplify and expedite the slow process of cloth making, by improving these clumsy old hand looms, or invent a successor to them, doing away with this everlasting, continual catch and grab of shuttles, dancing an eternal jig on treadles and unceasing snatching at the old high horse, whingwhang lathe, all at one and the same time—if somebody will only improve this practice, doing away with all the ridiculous drudgery, what a public benefactor he will be, and what a world-wide blessing the invention will be to the community.

Well, on another day not long thereafter, the conviction came strong upon us that we were destined to become that loom regenerator and benefactor of mankind, and investing about $17 for materials, expending one even calender month of labor, exercising every atom of mechanical skill and science we ever had or shall have, and turning what brains Nature had supplied us with, ten times topsy turvy, we turned out a— Well, if there had only been room to have got in one more cog-wheel, two additional complications and an extra treddle, there would in all probability have been born a *Locomotive Perpetual Motion*. As it was—Uncle Ben said he guessed it would make a most capital "scare crow." We tried it in that line, and—Uncle Ben was right.

From that period to the present until very recently, no one has ever gone far beyond our own miraculous achievement in the improvement of the hand-loom. At length, however, we have it—the desideratum that we said the world wanted, thirty years ago—the perfection and simplification of cloth-making, in Mendenhall's Self-acting Hand-Loom. Never has there been an invention tending to the best utilization of domestic, indoor labor so much needed, and universally sought after. Never before, an invention so perfected and simplified, coming at a single step before the public exactly what it ought to be and at a time when as an economizer of money and labor-saver, it is most needed.

By request of the publisher of the Saturday Evening Post, we have examined carefully, candidly, and critically as a mechanical expert the self-acting hand-loom of Mendenhall, in all its varied operations, ascertaining that with it, by the simple turning of a crank, and nothing more, a boy or girl ten years old can operate it, turning out as fine and substantial fabrics as ever were woven in any power loom, at the rate of from twelve to thirty yards per day according to quality, producing satinets, twills, jeans, plain cloths and beautiful balmorals, all on the same warp, and capable of change from one to another in a single minute.

Among the first claims of the invention are its great simplicity of construction, durability, and compactness. Let all such as would weave out an independence, address for all required information, A. B. Gates & Co., No. 333 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and all such as shall take to their homes one of Mendenhall's looms upon this recommendation, will thank the *Saturday Evening Post* for the blessing the balance of their lives.

RECEIPTS.

Original.

Drop Cake.

One pint of flour, half a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of pounded lump sugar, half a nutmeg grated, a handful of currants, two eggs, and a large pinch of carbonate of soda. To be baked in a slack oven for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. The above quantity will make about thirty cakes.

Potato Snow.

Pick out the whitest potatoes, put them on the fire in cold water; when they begin to crack, strain, and put them in a clean stew-pan before the fire till they are quite dry, and fall to pieces; rub them then through a wire sieve, or in a dish, they are to be sent up in, and do not disturb them afterwards.

Russian Sauce.

Four tablespoonfuls of grated horseradish, two spoonfuls of made mustard, one saltspoonful of salt, the same quantity of pounded loaf-sugar, and vinegar enough to cover the ingredients. Keep it closely bottled.

To Preserve Rhubarb.

Peel one pound of the finest rhubarb, and cut in pieces of two inches in length, and three-quarters of a pound of white sugar, and the rind and juice of one lemon, the rind to be cut into narrow strips; put all this into a preserving kettle and simmer gently until the rhubarb is soft—take it out carefully, and put it in jars; then boil the syrup of a sufficient time to make it keep, well, say one hour—then pour it over the fruit. When cold, put a paper, soaked in brandy, over it, and tie the jars down with a a bladder to exclude the air.

Selected.

Delicious Bread.—One tumbler full of good rice flour, one teacupful of wheat flour, one teaspoonful and a half of cream of tartar stirred in, one large spoonful of butter cut up very finely, a little salt, one egg well beaten, and one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a large tea cup of new milk; mix these well together, and bake in a pan like pound cake. Serve hot for tea or breakfast.

Indian Pound Cake.—To one pint of corn meal add one half pound of flour; cream one-half pound of butter with three-fourths pound of sugar; beat eight eggs very light, and stir into the butter and sugar with one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, half a nutmeg grated, one wine glass of wine, one of brandy; these must be added slowly, and well stirred in; then add slowly, with a knife, the meal and flour.

Corn-Meal Cakes.—One quart of meal, one pint of boiling milk, a teaspoonful of salt, a large spoonful of soda; set it to rise in a warm place; when risen, add as much flour and corn-meal as will make a stiff batter; then let it stand half an hour, then pour into the tins. Bake two hours. This requires beating until very light.

Indian Muffins.—Stir into one quart of boiling water as much corn-meal as will make a nice batter; when just warm, stir in as much flour as will make a stiff batter; add half a teaspoonful of salt, and half a wine glass of yeast. Set it to rise, and when risen, pour into muffin rings, and bake rather slowly in an oven. To be eaten hot.

Buttermilk Rolls.—Mix one teaspoonful of cream of tartar into a quart of flour; one quart of buttermilk, with one large spoonful of soda dissolved in it; stir it well and quickly—a little salt added lastly. Pour into tins, or make into rolls. Bake quickly.

Fatcity.—Our feelings and our thoughts lead us always onwards, and will not rest in the present. Just as when drops of rain fall into some dark well a scarce audible sound comes from below. So our thoughts fall into the dark hereafter, and their mysterious echo reaches us.

Historical Fact.—Our British ancestors dyed themselves. Hence, when a youthful barbarian engaged herself to a young savage, she was said to be "wood and won!"

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 1, 11, 12, 7, 6, is a girl's name.
My 2, 10, 8, 1, is a chain of mountains.
My 3, 5, 12, 8, is a kind of file.
My 4, 11, 6, is a color.
My 5, 1, 8, is a poisonous serpent.
My 6, 9, 8, is a soft substance on plants.
My 7, 10, 5, 6, 4, is a group of islands belonging to Russia.
My 8, 2, 11, 10, is an Apostle.
My 9, 10, 2, 12, is an exclamation.
My 10, 5, 6, 4, 7, 11, is a German vehicle.
My 11, 3, 5, 6, 11, 1, is a planet.
My 12, 9, 6, 8, 2, 10, is a kind of wood.
My whole was the last King of Assyria.

"JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr."

Richmond Place, Cincinnati, O.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Up with the Universe behold me rising,
And gleaming brightly 'mid the dazzling sun—
I live in treasure, give a tone to beauty,
And drape the laurels, when fame's wreath is won.
I'm seen in ruins and the haunts of pleasure;
Revel in luxury among the proud,
Yet when gaunt famine stamps itself before us,
There you can hear me mutter harsh and loud.
Watch with all guardian spirits I am keeping.
Ling'ring with genius whereso'er 'tis found;
And tho' 'mid Hourls I am known to wander,
You'll find me dwelling in the lowly ground.
I help on industry, delight in Union,
And though in a republic I am known,
Still upward soaring, tho' disdaining kingdoms,
I take my place, when Queens ascend the throne.
I join the miniature on which is resting,
The lovely semblance of some gentle girl;
Smile from her mouth and round the white neck wreathing,
Look out bewitching from each graceful curl.
I enter business, yet am with the loungers,
And music holds me close within its heart;
The quaint old tune flings back thro' time my echo,
And the soul owns me ever as its part.
Disdaining dogs, you'll hear me softly purring,
Where pussy dozes on the cozy rug;
And with good uncles at the foot as sponsers,
I stand, and after, grace the silver mug.
And yet, though found in gaudiness and lucre,
I take my place where mourners gather 'round—
Unknown to grief I'm with the burial moving,
And will appear whene'er the lost is *found*.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

First find out a word which doth silence proclaim,
Which backwards and forwards is always the same.
Then next you must find out a feminine name,
Which backwards and forwards is always the same.
An act or a writing, on parchment, whose name,
Both backwards and forwards is always the same.
A fruit that is rare, whose botanical name
Read backwards and forwards is always the same.
A note used in music, which time doth proclaim,
And backwards and forwards is always the same.
Their initials connected a title will frame,
That is justly the due of a fair married dame,
Which backwards and forwards is always the same.

JANET.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is nothing! That, you'll say,
Is very low in rank,
As no one has a fancy for
Being only called a ———,

My second is a little word
Among the French; you'll find
My whole, upon a winter night,
A comfort, warm and kind. ESTHER.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What are the axes of a maximum ellipse inscribed in an equilateral triangle whose sides are 16? REUBEN DARTO.

Pine Grove, Schuylkill Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why should voyagers take the works of "the immortal bard" to sea with them? Ans.—Because, however bad the weather, they can always get a *fine passage* out of Shakespeare.

☞ What is the difference between a honeycomb and a honeymoon? Ans.—A honeycomb consists of a number of small "*sells*," and a honeymoon consists of one great "*sell!*"

☞ Why is a side-saddle like a four-quart measure? Ans.—It holds a gall on.

☞ What is that which is so brittle that if you name it you can break it? Ans.—Silence.

☞ Why should a robber prefer robbing an old man's house to any other? Ans.—Because his gait (gate) is feeble, and his locks are few.

☞ Why are young ladies like arrows? Ans.—Because they can't go off without a *beau* (bow), and are in a *quiver* till they get one.

☞ If a nut could speak what would it say? Ans.—None of your jaw.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Oil Creek. ENIGMA—Vermont Brigade. CHARADE—Grey Back Raid. (Grey-back raid.) RIDDLE—Rome. CHARADE—Rampart. Ram-part.

Sharp Penetration.—"You don't love me; I know you don't," said a young married lady to her husband. "I give you credit, my dear, for a keen penetration," was his consoling reply.

Blessings.—Run not after blessings; only walk in the commandments of God, and blessings shall run after you, pursue and overtake you.